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FRENCH CHARACTERS.

By A FRENCHMAN.

NO. I.—THE JOURNALIST.

THE features of the Journalist are as characteristic and peculiar as those which make up the physiognomy of the painter, the poet, or the musician. In the estimation, perhaps, of a majority of his readers, and certainly in his own, he is a more remarkable individual than any of these. He is the oracle of taste, the arbiter of fashions, the expresser of the wants of his country, the redresser of the wrongs of the administration, the dispenser of every kind of reputation; in fact, to use his own magnificent phraseology, a phraseology ratified by the trembling verdict of his ultra enemies, he is *unpuissance*. It would be a deviation from all the ordinary laws of nature, if authority so extensive, an eminence so indisputable, were held without its appropriate incumbrances; and it would be strange, indeed, if the Journalist, who is brought into conflict with all the prejudices, passions, and *amours propres* of his age, were not able to make out a catalogue of miseries as ample and as heart-rending as any other of the unfortunate beings who possess greatness and pay the tax for it.

There is, in the first place, that which comes daily upon him, the duty of filling his columns. Is this a light thing in the eyes of those who find it an easy matter to devour a whole newspaper in the pauses of their tea and toast? Oh! let them reflect for a moment upon the agony which that newspaper may have cost its producer! Think of the importunate cravings which are ascending into his ear from the journal of tomorrow, before its insatiable predecessor of to-day is half satisfied! Think of the melancholy intelligence brought to him just at the moment that his mistress or his dinner is expecting him—that three columns are still wanting! Think of the madness of the disappointed man, as he sits down to compose, *invid Minervæ*, a panegyric upon some leader of opposition, or a denunciation of the Jesuits! Think of the rage with which, at the end of half an hour, he tosses aside the abortive article, and steals the requisite supply from the store that was treasured up for the use of the following day; the necessities of which he will in vain seek to satisfy by drawing a similar accommodation-bill upon the next! And think of all this continued day after day—no moment of cessation, no possible hope that the paper will at last get into the habit of editing itself—nothing but one dark, monotonous, interminable prospect of blanks, eternally filled and eternally re-appearing; a destiny of which that of the Danaïdes presented a feeble and inadequate type!

But is there no bright haven in the distance which, though but dimly seen through the long and gloomy vista, yet reveals itself ever and anon to the eye of the Journalist, and assures him that the hope which comes to all is not yet denied to him? May he not hope, after a probation of some long twenty years, at last to repose in the easy-chair of the Academy, or the pillow of popular immortality? No! the doors of the Academy are rusty, and but once have they opened to receive a Journalist into the Council of Forty. But perhaps the immortality which has rewarded Molière and Piron for their exclusion from this worshipful body may be destined as a consolation to him. Alas! there is no immortality for him: for twenty-

four hours his insect thoughts live, flutter, and are observed; the next day comes, and they are gone; the paper, with its wit, its wisdom, its angry denunciations and quick replies, has vanished out of the recollections of men. The milliner sends home a hat for his wife, with a dozen pins penetrating his last best *bon mot*; and his first-born (what double anguish to the feelings of a father!) presents him with a peppermint lozenge, cleaving to the fragment of a leading article!

Then there is the horrible fatality which compels him always to write on some theme which is at variance with the feelings of the moment. Is he in remarkably good humour with mankind? He has to describe some horrible catastrophe or to comment on some deep atrocity. Has a beloved wife just presented him with a pledge of their affection? He must draw up a necrological notice. Has he been ordered a course of diet by his physician? The fumes of an electoral feast shed their fragrance over his composition. Is he labouring under a terrible fit of spleen? He must narrate some burlesque exploit with a smile, much like that which, according to Horace, moved the lips of Ixion in sympathy with the lyre of Mercury.

When at last the cruel requisitions of the desk are satisfied, the Journalist sallies forth into the air of heaven. All nature is lying in deep quiet beauty around him,—but what is nature to the Journalist? A long leading article. All the rich expanse of cloudland, with its magical hues, presents to his eye so many varieties of type: the scent of violets which is weighing down the air, reminds him of the steam from hot-pressed paper: the smoke is the only thing that brings real delight with it; for it rises in columns. The sensations with which the fresh air fills him, burn to be expanded into an article; the value of the deeper feelings with which the sight of nature fills him, is determined by the quantity of letter-press which they will occupy. In short, a savour of *periodicity* there is about the man. But then behold him among his fellow-men. What lively sympathy does he display in all that concerns humanity! With what rapture that broken leg has inspired him! A duel? How delicious! A real positive murder! He will die himself of ecstasy before he can carry home to the printing-office the harvest of pathos which he has gathered for the food of his sentimental subscribers.

In societies of every description, the Journalist is at home. They are a moving panorama, in which he observes all the manners, the little-nesses, and the conceits of his age. What a feast for a man of observation! How delightful to pin down in his cabinet of curiosities so many rare specimens of grotesqueness and absurdity! But a cruel thought interrupts these reflections. His most admirable parodies—his best caricatures, will be looked at by the subjects of them—and not recognised! nay, perhaps some person of the old regime will shake his venerable side over a portrait of himself, drawn to the very life, or some young coxcomb against whom he has conceived a particular spite, will be the first to draw the attention of the public to a sketch meant for him, but which will thenceforth pass for a mere fancy-piece.

Great is the authority of the Journalist in all matters pertaining to the drama. To him, therefore, the green-rooms respectfully open their doors; and, shortly after the appearance in his

papers of some malicious epigrams against some male or female performer, he makes use of his privilege. Straightway there is a universal charge of 'opening his columns to the shafts of jealousy'—of having admitted the one charge, that every one knew to be false, against the individual in question, or having betrayed the grossest ignorance of all the rules of the drama. Soon, however, the scene changes; and the actor, reflecting rather on the possibility of his turning his powers to right account in the future, than of his having misused them in the past,—becomes at once the most perfect of courtiers,—Orestes forgets his madness, and adopts a conciliatory tone,—Agamemnon is to the last degree submissive,—Egistheus lays aside his poniard, and offers his snuff-box,—and the Furies put on the most bewitching air in the world. To all such blandishments, however, the inexorable Journalist must be deaf. He receives his wages from the public; and, if he is induced by the most tempting bribes to flatter any tastes or prejudices but his own, he is cast off as an unprofitable servant.

Next to a Minister of State, the most extensive correspondent in the world is 'The Journalist.' Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, all contribute to fill his desk. The amusement of these communications, however, is alloyed with a sad leaven of stupidity and bad penmanship; not so his personal interviews! There is, indeed, a rich harvest of entertainment and human experience. Littleness in all its grandeur—variety in all its richness—charlatanism in all its infinity. Now a deputy or peer of France coming to entreat for the insertion of a speech, (the manuscript of which, with its thousand interlineations and *varie lectiones*, he therewith presents to the Editor,) which he had improvised at the tribune; now a philanthropist revealing in confidence to the Journalist, whom he conjures *not* to communicate the fact to the public, that he was the author of that act of anonymous benevolence which had excited so much admiration, and the merit of which had been erroneously assigned elsewhere; a publicist with an article upon some recent brochure, written with the most paternal feeling, and a recently damned playwright, who wishes the public to understand that the hisses, which ignorant people had imagined predominant, were really drowned in a tumult of applause.

Then in the anti-chamber is the crowd* of artificers, candidates for the honours of publicity. The tailor holding up his new Quiroga—the hatter with a choice specimen of *faux mollets*—the culinary artist with a tempting novelty in truffles. Nor is art in its more ambitious forms less subservient to him. The designer has struck off a likeness, which, as it suppresses all those peculiarities of form and feature that establish a distinction between the Journalist and the Apollo, can scarcely fail, if there is gratitude in man, to secure him a column of patronage. A pupil of Michalon is there, and the hair of the man of letters expands into rich profusion of glossy curls; an *artiste pedicure* appears, and the firm step of the Journalist is no longer impeded by the presence of corns or chilblains. Even the animal magnetist forms a party of the levee—eager to overcome the great man's scepticism, and promising by his incantations to compose him

* This peculiarity is owing, we presume, to the majority of the French papers appearing without advertisements.—ED.

into a slumber, as sweet and sound as ever overtook his readers under the lulling influence of his own columns.

And now, to quit this laughing vein, and at once to speak of the Journalist in the character in which he delights to speak of himself. In other respects, he may be a very vulgar person; but, when he assumes the office of interpreter of national feelings and advocate of national rights, his office is converted into a high and honourable priesthood. Few persons in the state have an opportunity of displaying so many high public virtues; upon none certainly does a more terrible responsibility rest. Ill enough, alas! have the duties which his situation enjoins upon the French Journalist been too often performed. In the times of the Revolution he was at once the fiercest counsellor, and the most active agent, of popular fury:—when the public were mad for blood, singling out the victims—when they were satiated, plying them with stimulants. But the ferocity of 'l'ami du peuple' was not wonderful in the days of Marat, and Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. It would have been strange if at such a period, when justice and humanity could find no sanctuary anywhere, they had found one in the journals.

Under the Empire, journalism was an apostleship without a commission—a mere vent for disgusting panegyrics upon the tyrant, and impudent lies about the *grande armée*—a vocation without virtue, without respectability, without decency.

The era of a representative government is the age of gold to the Journalist. Since its establishment, he has become the confident of the people in all its most intimate feelings, the echo of the national conscience, the sentinel of public liberty, whose duty is to cry *qui vive?* to all the abuses, all the usurpations of power. It is owing to this augmentation, at once, of the power and the dignity of the Journalist, that some of the greatest men in France, without derogating from their rank, without degrading themselves in the eyes of the most scrupulous, have been able to appear as writers in the public journals. Such are the Chateaubriands, the Damons, the Keratrys, the Benjamin Constants, indefatigable warriors in the good cause: whose pens have been almost as useful in defending our youthful institutions against the assaults of feudalism and jesuitism, as the bayonets of our brave soldiers, after the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, were in repelling the legions of European tyrants who had conspired against our infant liberty.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Menageries: Quadrupeds described and drawn from living Subjects. Being Vol. I., Part I., of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 12mo., pp. 432, with numerous Woodcuts. Knight. London, 1829.

THIS is the first of the series of works promised by the Useful Knowledge Society, to have been ready last November, and to have been published by Murray; but the delay always incident to the movements of a committee, has enabled Mr. Murray, (with whom, it would appear, a final arrangement for the publication could not be effected,) to get up a rival series of works as soon as the Society. We are not displeased at this circumstance; for the rivalry will probably produce works of greater merit on both sides, than might have appeared if the field had been under the exclusive cultivation of one of the parties. Whether this has had any influence upon the work before us we cannot undertake to say; but it has evidently been done with great care, being accurate in detail, replete with varied and frequently recondite and original anecdote and illustration, and composed in a style every where popular and frequently polished and eloquent. It is not to be concealed that the reputation of the weekly treatises of the Society has been losing ground, in consequence of want of skill in the selection of

subjects, and, in several instances, in deficiency of execution; but this loss of character is likely, we think, to be triumphantly retrieved by 'The Menageries,' which is as different from the common books on natural history, as the interesting treatise of the Society on animal mechanics is from the common books on anatomy and physiology.

The work has, in fact, been composed in the spirit so well described by St. Pierre in his *Mémoire Sur la Ménagerie*, when contrasting the actual study of nature with the perusal of books, or the examination of Museum specimens:

"Those," he remarks, "who have studied nature only in books can see only their books in nature; they look upon the natural world only to find therein the names and characters of their systems. If they are botanists, they are satisfied to have discovered a plant of which some author has spoken; and, having assigned it to the class and the order which he has pointed out, they gather it, and spreading it between two sheets of grey paper, they sit down content with their knowledge and their researches. They do not form a herbal to study nature, but they study nature to form a herbal. It is in the same way that they make collections of animals that they may learn their genera and their species, and treasure up their names. But can he be a lover of nature who thus studies her wonderful works? How great a difference is there between a dead vegetable, dry, faded, discoloured, whose stems, and leaves, and flowers are crumbling to powder, and a living vegetable, full of sap, which buds, flowers, gives forth perfumes, fructifies, and sows itself again, maintains a universal harmony with the elements, with insects, with birds, with quadrupeds, and, combining with a thousand other vegetables, crowns our hills, and adorns our river banks! Can we recognise," he goes on to ask, "the verdure and the flowers of a meadow in a hay-stack? or the majesty of the trees of a forest in a bundle of faggots? The animal loses by death even more of its characteristics than the vegetable; for the animal has received a more vigorous portion of life. Its principal qualities vanish; its eyes are shut, its pupils are dim, its limbs are stiff; it is without warmth, without motion, without feeling, without voice, without instinct. What a difference between the animal that enjoys the light, distinguishes objects, moves towards them, calls the female, couples, makes its nest or lair, brings up its young, defends them from their enemies, congregates with its kind, and gives music to our meadows! Do you recognise the lark, gay as the breath of morning, who "at heaven's gate sings," when he is suspended from the beak upon a bit of packthread; or the bleating sheep and the labouring ox in the well-dressed limbs of a butcher's shop? The best prepared animal only offers a stuffed skin and a skeleton. The life is wanting, by which he was classed in the animal kingdom. The stuffed wolf may preserve his teeth, but the peculiar instinct which determined his ferocious character is gone, and he then scarcely differs from the friendly dog."

We were much pleased with the following just and pertinent remarks upon the means of awakening interest, which occur in the Introduction:

"The first step in the successful communication of any branch of knowledge is to awaken the attention of the mind to the object, or assemblage of objects, to which that branch of knowledge applies. Without a habit of attention to the things around them, men walk about in the world with their eyes half-shut; for they are insensible to all but the commonest external appearances, and have no perception of the minuter peculiarities, which distinguish one class of objects from another, of the beauties of their structure, or of the harmonies of their arrangement. Take an example; engaged as we are in the ordinary pursuits of life, in our business, and in our pleasures, it is but rarely that we bestow attention upon those most stupendous works of a ruling Providence, the sun, the planets, the myriads of stars, of which it might be thought that the bare contemplation would awaken in us a feeling of unbounded wonder and admiration. It is only when some singular appearance of those vast and glorious bodies presents itself, when we behold an eclipse or a comet, that the greater number of us have our attention excited to the objects with which the science of Astronomy is conversant. It is at such moments that the accidental awakening of our attention should be seized upon by us, to acquire the particular knowledge relating to the circumstance by which the spirit of inquiry was roused; for we may reasonably entertain a conviction, that if we refer to some intelligent instructor, or seek for an ex-

planation in some proper book, we shall not only satisfy ourselves upon the point in doubt, but be led forward to feel an interest in many other details which would lay the foundation of a scientific knowledge of the laws which govern the heavenly bodies. This would be to acquire the habit of bestowing attention upon a subject which we had previously disregarded; and we should find this habit a source of infinite amusement and instruction, not confined, as we might have thought, to those who survey the heavens from splendid observatories, and with the help of the most perfect glasses, but equally capable of affording delight, and being of use, to the way-faring man, who plods onward to his home, and to the labourer, who rises to his work before the morning star has disappeared. There will be delight wherever there is this habit of observation. But the habit will not come, if we do not cultivate the spirit of inquiry.

"It is precisely in the same way that a naturalist, by constantly observing the peculiarities of animal life, acquires the readiest perception of the differences in the structure and habits of the great variety of living beings; and he perceives in each of them qualities which a less practised observer would entirely overlook."—P. 5.

In some instances animals seem to depend in a great measure upon man; yet, on considering the relative situations of both, they will be found, with few exceptions, existing independent of him, and that he is more indebted to them for their services than they are to him for his protection and support. The chief objects for which we require the aid of animals are, for food, clothing, vigilance, and strength. Though the two former are highly essential to our comforts, they are not indispensable; the vegetable world supplies them in abundance, and the companionable qualities, watchfulness and swiftness, of the dog might be dispensed with. It is the strength of animals that makes us sensible of our own weakness. By their power we build our dwellings, effect an intercourse with distant places, obtain much of our food, and the fuel of our hearths. A state of civilisation requires, as an indispensable requisite, these things and others, rendering most manifest our obligations to the animal world. Animals were created before man; but some of them were apparently endowed with their useful and valuable properties for his comfort and assistance. He gives them food and shelter in payment of service, attending them with diligence and care; yet the well-being of the creature, had it continued wild, would not have required it; indeed, most of them live longer and have more enjoyment in a wild and unrestrained state than when they are domesticated. By art and for profit, he has, in many instances, altered the very nature of the animals which he has subdued and tamed. The following curious instances, illustrative of this, are given in the work before us:

"All associations between animals of opposite natures are exceedingly interesting; and those who train animals for public exhibition know how attractive are such displays of the power of discipline over the strength of instinct. These extraordinary arrangements are sometimes the effect of accident, and sometimes of the greater force of one instinct over the lesser force of another. A rat-catcher, having caught a brood of young rats alive, gave them to his cat, who had just had her kittens taken from her to be drowned. A few days afterwards, he was surprised to find the rats in the place of the drowned kittens, being suckled by their natural enemy. The cat had a hatred to rats, but she spared these young rats to afford her the relief which she required as a mother. The rat-catcher exhibited the cat and her nurslings to considerable advantage. A somewhat singular exhibition exists at present at Broderip. There is a little menagerie in London where such odd associations may be witnessed upon a more extensive scale, and more systematically conducted than in any other collection of animals with which we are acquainted. Upon the Surrey side of Waterloo-bridge; or, sometimes, though not so often, on the same side of Southwark-bridge, may be daily seen a cage about five feet square, containing the quadrupeds and birds which are represented in the annexed cut. The keeper of this collection, John Austin, states, that he has employed seventeen years in this business of training creatures of opposite natures to live together in content and affection; and those years have not

been unprofitably employed! It is not too much to believe that many a person who has given his halfpenny to look upon this show may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and of gentle discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea-pig, the owl, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life in the company of others—the weak without fear, the strong without the desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown. The rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make up their nests; the sparrow sometimes perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl, each its natural enemy; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence of the cat, or hawk, or owl. The modes by which this man has effected this are, first, by keeping all the creatures well fed; and, secondly, by accustoming one species to the society of the other, at a very early period of their lives. The ferocious instincts of those who prey on the weaker are never called into action; their nature is subdued to a systematic gentleness; the circumstances by which they are surrounded are favourable to the cultivation of their kindlier dispositions; all their desires and pleasures are bounded by their little cage; and, though the old cat sometimes takes a stately walk on the parapet of the bridge, he duly returns to his companions, with whom he has so long been happy, without at all thinking that he was born to devour any of them.—P. 20.

The inference which is drawn from this appears to us to be no less just and beautiful than it is profound.

"This is an example, and a powerful one, of what may be accomplished by a proper education, which rightly estimates the force of habit, and confirms, by judicious management, that habit which is most desirable to be made a rule of conduct. The principle is the same, whether it be applied to children or to brutes."—P. 20.

Instead of commencing with the lion, as is usual in popular works on natural history, or with the apes and monkeys, as Linnæus does, the work before us begins with the dog, from the consideration, we suppose, that this animal seems designed by its natural habits to be peculiarly the servant and dependant of man, to be fed with him, housed and caressed, and receiving more of his care than any other animal which falls under his dominion.

He associates with him in his pleasures, is identified with and enjoys them with his master; living with him, he acquires the high bearing and freedom of his lord; feels he is the companion and the friend; deports himself as a partaker of the importance and superiority, we might almost say, of the sorrows and pleasures, of the man; is elated with praise, and abased by rebuke; submissive when corrected, and grateful when caressed. His anxiety and tremor when he has lost his master, and with himself, is pitiable; when deserted by his lord, he becomes the most forlorn of animals, a never-failing victim to misery, famine, disease, and death. His ardour may excite him at times, until overpowered by fatigue; but he is not stimulated by pain, or menaced to attempts beyond his natural powers. View him in all his progress, his life will be found to be an easy, and frequently an enjoyable one; and, though not exempt from the afflictions of age, yet his death, if anticipated, becomes a momentary evil. When in a native state, he is a wretched creature, a common beast of the wild, with no innate magnanimity, no acquired virtues; has no elevation, no character to maintain, but passes his days in contention and want; is base in disposition, meagre in body, a fugitive, and a coward.

Amongst the numerous original anecdotes of the dog introduced, we were particularly struck with the following:

"All dogs can swim, although some dislike the water, and take to it with difficulty at the bidding of their masters. The bull-dog would appear the least likely to combat with a heavy sea, as the Newfoundland dogs often do; and yet the following circumstance is well authenticated.—On board a ship, which struck upon a rock near the shore during a gale, there were three dogs, two of the Newfoundland variety, and an English bull-dog, rather small in growth, but very firmly built and strong. It was important to have a rope carried ashore; and, as no boat could live for an instant in the breakers towards the land, it was thought that one of

the Newfoundland dogs might succeed; but he was not able to struggle with the waves, and perished. The other Newfoundland dog, upon being thrown overboard, shared a similar fate; but the bull-dog, though not habituated to the water, swam triumphantly to land, and thus saved the lives of the persons on board. Among them was his master, a military officer, who still has the dog in his possession."—P. 48.

The work abounds with anecdotes of similar interest respecting dogs, wolves, foxes, jackals, hyenas, lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, and cats; from which, if we could spare room, we should be glad to enrich our pages, but must content ourselves for the present, with the following:

"Mr. Southey, in his 'Omniana,' relates two instances of dogs who had acquired such a knowledge of time as would enable them to count the days of the week. He says,—'My grandfather had one which trudged two miles every Saturday to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example. A dog, which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon Friday. The same faculty of recollecting intervals of time exists, though in a more limited extent, in the horse. We knew a horse, (and have witnessed the circumstance,) which, being accustomed to be employed once a week on a journey with the newsman of a provincial paper, always stopped at the houses of the several customers, although sixty or seventy in number. But further, there were two persons on the route who took one paper between them, and each claimed the privilege of having it first on the alternate Sunday. The horse soon became accustomed to this regulation; and, although the parties lived two miles distant, he stopped once a fortnight at the door of the half-customer at Thorpe, and once a fortnight at that of the other half-customer at Chertsey; and never did he forget this arrangement, which lasted several years, or stop unnecessarily, when he once thoroughly understood the rule.'"—P. 56.

This anecdote suggests the remark which must, we think, strike every reader who peruses it,—that the use of the plural pronoun *we* appears not a little incongruous, inasmuch as the fact could not well have fallen under the cognizance of the whole Society, and not even of one of their committees. The case is very different from that of reviewing, in which it is usual to employ the first person plural; for here is a fact coming, there can be little doubt, from an individual, for the authenticity of which the Society thus becomes pledged; and this instance is by no means a solitary one. Should any of these facts be subsequently disproved, it would place the Society in a very awkward predicament. The same principle of making the Society appear as the authors of all the books published under their sanction, imposes an injurious restraint in the detail of facts or the expression of opinion, so very obvious in all their publications, that it completely dissolves the fiction of their being the joint productions of the members, which is indeed impossible. It would be a decided improvement, we think, to write these works in the first person singular, and publish them either with or without the names of the respective authors,—still under the sanction of the Society, though not in the present fictitious form, which can impose upon nobody of the least penetration.

We cannot conclude our review without taking notice of the very superior execution of the cuts. The figures of the animals purport to be portraits; and, as we have seen almost all of the individuals from which they have been taken, we can attest their admirable fidelity. Accuracy has been studied more than picturesque effect, but even in this respect they are very superior.

THE UNKNOWN.

The Unknown. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris, 1829.*

ONE should have loved, have fought for liberty, and suffered in its cause, have been cast by political storms upon a foreign land, have endured evil, have lived in destitution and misery, in order thoroughly to understand the book that we have just closed, and sympathise in its sad and mono-

* By a French Correspondent.

tonous lamentations. Here is no intrigue—few if any great events to affect the mind or strike the imagination. Only four actors appear upon the scene, which is a faithful history of the impressions of a whole life: and these are, a young female, loving as she is beautiful; an old emigrant, the courageous defender of a tottering throne; an Italian, a furious demagogue and an implacable foe to all mankind; and, last of all, a young man, enthusiastic and virtuous, whom the excesses of the *ancien régime* have thrown into the ranks of freedom, who fights for the cause of the people, and whom anarchy deprives of an idolised mistress. The last of these pours into the bosom of a village pastor the troubles that have shortened his life, and begs a priest, the minister of the God of mercies, to apply the balm of consolation to his wounds. He does not say where was his country; but it was France. He does not mention his name; but an illustrious family prided itself in him as its only hope. In the hour of his birth, he lost his mother; and scarcely had he verged on adolescence, when his father was taken from him. A revolution—he does not say which—but it was that in which the ancient race of the Capets was dethroned—the French Revolution—had just dawned upon the world. Europe was divided into two grand parties: on one hand, the admirers of authority, of blind faith—of that which is; on the other, the advocates of reason, of investigation—of that which is intrinsically best. With these, were necessarily associated liberty, the love of knowledge, the desire of the perfectionment of their species; with those, passive obedience, dread of innovations, and fixed notions. The choice of the Unknown—for this is our hero's adopted name—was not wavering; he had received his first principles through prejudice, the rest from reason: and thenceforth he embraced the cause of liberty with as much ardour as he had formerly shown for its rival.

'Courage,' says he, 'is required to resist force, and it is often required not to resist conviction. Some strength of mind was perhaps necessary thus to contradict opinions so recent, and openly declare my change of creed.' * * * In vain did I repeat to the members of the party which I had abandoned, that they could not tax with levity and feebleness of reason a young man for throwing up a cause to which his birth only had attached him, who had till then done nothing but draw just consequences from an erroneous principle received in prejudice, and who now, after having, by the force of his understanding, analysed the principle and conquered the prejudice, had reared a fresh superstructure on the basis of evidence. All was useless: the spirit of party had condemned me without a hearing. Who does not know the fierce resentment with which the aristocracy and squitocracy punish those of their members who disown their colours? They see cowardice in all desertion: and the decrees of a fantastical honour, of which they preserve the code, smite with their anathema every deserter of opinions imposed, as they say, by birth.

The Unknown resolved to answer his adversaries: to enlighten men, to achieve the rank which he thought he merited in public opinion, the necessity of occupying his activity, and of pouring out his heart—such were the motives which made him take the pen. Like all our young writers entered yesterday on their career, the Unknown did not want for ideas; his thought, long turned back upon itself, had accumulated them in his head; but also, like all who are composing their first work, abundant as were the ideas, it was requisite to clothe them with words, and the labour of expression he found supremely difficult. At length he finished, and published a work which betrayed the apostle of toleration and equality. Royalty and aristocracy were still ascendant; he was imprisoned, which increased his hatred of absolute power, and made his love of liberty more ardent.

One day, when his captivity was ended, chance guided his wandering course across the fields. He came to a chateau in ruins: 'A pile of clouds in the west veiled the last rays of the twilight: an impetuous wind rang through the pinnacles of the

towers, in long-continued whistlings; and the funeral cry of the screech-owl appeared to redouble its sadness. 'It seemed to the Unknown that he was about to discover some mystery of horror: his whole frame shuddered; when an unexpected voice shouted in his ear, "Death or liberty!" He turned round, and, by the light of a sepulchral lamp, recognised the altered features of a friend, a man whose history, wrapped in darkness, was unknown to him; but whom he well knew that acts of signal injustice had made sick of the society of man. This was the Italian. The Unknown threw himself into his arms, and pronounced his name with a cry of joy. Silence, replied the former, in a low but emphatic tone, "silence disturbs no mysteries." He then drew him into the ruins; and the Unknown was quickly initiated in the secrets of one of those societies which were at that time conspiring for the overthrow of tyranny.

'How unjust is the pretence of those who favour the existing order of things, to impute it for crime and cowardice in the friends of liberty, to labour in the shades of secrecy! They seem to say to them: "Dare to attack us openly, and measure your strength with us. You dare not do it: then you are the feeblest; then you are in the wrong." What a conclusion! Though the side of truth be the weaker, must it therefore be less the side of justice?

'For the rest, it were a very gratuitous concession to grant that the side of liberty, of justice, and of truth, can ever be in the minority. The immense majority of the nations that still groan under unjust fetters, is composed of men who, though not in a situation to know where freedom and justice may be found and how attained, nevertheless long after them with all their powers, and long implicitly for whatever may lead to and preserve them. Few men possess the lights necessary to arrive with certainty at these results; and, if any one has a right to govern, to guide the people, that right resides in themselves.

The assembly into which the Unknown was received, was the centre of a vast association, the branches of which spread themselves on every side. The Italian exercised great influence in it. His rude and fitful eloquence acted strongly on the mind. With a severe and unrelenting character, a persevering will, a powerfully organised head, he ruled supremely over all about him. The number of adherents increased daily. Long had the tempest growled in secret: it burst forth. "We were not," says the Unknown, "the authors of the explosion; but the heralds who gave the signal for the encounter. The avalanche was prepared: the least shock was sufficient to set it in motion. This impulse was given, and power was suddenly extinguished. Liberty and truth arose, strong as evidence and simple as a great man."

A legislative assembly was convoked, of which the Unknown and his friend formed a part. This was the Constituent. There is a pleasure so intoxicating in opposition, when, strong in public opinion and elated by the favour which surrounds the brave and the oppressed, it arises to put down tyranny and arbitrary rule, to vindicate justice and truth, that the Unknown could not escape from its captivating lures. He helped to burst the chains of the people, and purge the abuses of feudalism. But his enthusiasm had a bound: his thirst of public good was quenched. The old oppressors had resorted to oppression, because it was attempted to prevent them from oppressing. The people, enraged by their resistance, loaded them with the whole weight of their resentments. A second assembly, the Legislative, succeeded to the former. The ambitious and fanatical urged on the multitude in the career of crime; and, while the Unknown, like all generous souls, ever on the side of the people, forgetting the errors of the great stricken ones, undertook their defence, the multitude, misled by the Italian and demoniacs of his class, included the victims and their champion in one common curse. The Unknown would have made an appeal to humanity, but in vain; the language of justice and of reason was ignored. Then, disenchanted from a liberty which took the form of licentiousness, his

soul full of bitterness, he withdrew himself from an ungrateful country, who proscribed the defenders of her cause.

He landed on the shores of a great empire, which he does not name; but it was the United States. Several men assisted to unload the vessel. One, already bowed with age, bent beneath an enormous burden: he staggered. Why did he start and turn his head? Why was fear depicted in his ebony-hued visage? Behind him went a man of a stupid and hard-hearted look, who, with a threatening gesture, said to him, "Get on, slave!" The Unknown came seeking freedom, but he found slavery. "Great God!" he exclaims, "have I then crossed the sea to witness in this place the last degree of human degradation,—to hear the execrable word which no one even of our tyrants would dare to utter?" He fled: his last illusions were destroyed. His progress was without aim, for no where did a friend await him; without curiosity, for no one was with him to participate in his sensations. He came to a country entirely new, in the midst of a people of an unknown tongue. His last resources he applied to the purchase of a boat, a sail, and oars. He was on the verge of famine. He turned waterman, and became the companion of men gross and ignorant. Their tranquillity, which he could not share—their sleep, which he did not enjoy—their life, confined to the positive limits of the present, moved his envy. He had made trial of the world, and found not a single friend in it; glory, and remained obscure; liberty, and anarchy was triumphant. In his hate of civilization, which had wrought him only evil, he doomed himself to exile in the midst of a semi-barbarous tribe. "No more dreaming," he exclaimed: "the time for waking up is come. No more of the ideal: henceforth I give myself to the positive of existence." And, in order to break with this world, in which all his hopes had been deceived, he determined on establishing with those who surrounded him a community of existence: he resolved on a family, and chose a wife.

The marriage was fixed for the eighth day. Behold him applauding himself for having bound himself by a great resolution, flattering himself that he should meet, in domesticity and the society of a virtuous woman, with the happiness for which nature created man. "Love! Ah! without doubt," said he to himself, "when all other faiths fail or are extinguished in the clouded breast, the faith of love may survive alone, and save us from despair. Doubtless, that, which is the immense source of human life, can resuscitate all our vanished illusions. Glory herself, that evanescent chimera, may present new charms, in the features of a beloved woman, with a crown in her hand." Yes! these reflections are just; but to realise them one must love, which the Unknown did not. Doubtless, the man who has never looked beyond brute nature may burn for an associate, whom she has made like to himself. Is not the bear, in his den, made rampant with desire by the uncouth attractions of his ugly mate? But he, in whom education has developed the understanding, purified the taste, roused the imagination—such a one requires in love a companion, whose nature is equally modified by education, to whom he may alike owe the purest delights of the soul and the liveliest of the sense,—who, clothing herself with seductions, fascinations, and illusions even, to satisfy the possibly chimerical wants of the imagination, may convert to his happiness all that factitious supplement of existence which without her would remain a supplement of pain, may fill the immense void of his desires, respond to his every thought, enchant his every power, and, in a word, compose the half of his whole being. These conditions, so necessary to the existence of true love, the Unknown was far from finding in his affianced bride. Sometimes he endeavoured to make her understand the language of reason and delicate sentiment. The stupid gaze of her big eyes, the besotted expression of her bloated fea-

tures, soon made the weary part he had undertaken insupportable. He was seized with an invincible repugnance to the ties he was about to form, and reflected with disgust on the creature who was to be his wife. Instead of love, he felt a pure hatred for her. A union so ill-assorted, and formed under such auspices, appeared to him a hell on earth: he would have preferred death; and, resolving to recede from his engagement, on the eve of his intended marriage, he stealthily quitted the wild region to which he came for an asylum and a wife.

He became the subject of despair; and death was about to end his existence, when chance brought him into precincts inhabited by an angel of virtue and of beauty. The father of this interesting creature had been the friend of the father of the Unknown. The troubles of France had driven him from his native soil. But he left his sovereign behind: he had just learned that perils of every kind threatened the royal head; he determined to lend him the support of his arm. But he wanted a protector for his daughter, and he made choice of the Unknown. He disclosed to him his plans: the Unknown wished to participate in the dangers of them. But their motives were different: neither of them sought to stem the torrent of the Revolution; the old man wished to prevent the assassination of his King, the young one to gain the heart of Zelia.

They all three set out, and arrived in the 'great city,' by which Paris is intended. The night before, the head of the monarch had fallen beneath the revolutionary axe. The man whom the Unknown had formerly called his friend had been one of the most furious abettors of this atrocity. Ever faithful to his barbarous system, he fomented every outbreak of fury, was associated in every bloody measure, and claimed his part in every crime. The Unknown had avoided seeing him, when, one day crossing one of those vast and sumptuous squares which the reign of terror had almost transformed into deserts, a man passed near, who cast on the Unknown and on Zelia a dreadful look. This was the Italian: sentence of death had just been pronounced on the old man and his daughter. They determined to fly that bloody city: they had no time to spare. On the morrow, the Unknown went out early to finish the preparations for their departure. In returning, he perceived a placard on a pillar, which appeared to have attracted the curiosity of the crowd. Involuntarily he drew near. Among many unknown names, those of Zelia and her father caught his eye. It was a proscription list. Struck with dismay, his first impulse was to fly to them; but, yielding to a confused reflection, he ran to the residence of his former colleague.

"Hullo, there," said he, "what want you?"

'I described to him, with the accent and disorder of despair, my love for Zelia. I told him the news I had read. I reminded him of our former friendship, and implored his all-powerful protection for my beloved. While speaking, I had seized his hand, which remained motionless, while mine were trembling with agitation. A hideous sneer succeeded to a hideous smile.

"Thou art truly incorrigible," said he; "wilt thou eternally believe in friendship, in pity, in humanity, and in all these fooleries? The wretches! It was through them that I ceased to be a man, and they want me to be humane! At length thou rememberest me, dost thou? I'll tell you what you are. When happy, you forget—what do I say?—you disown those whom you used to honour with the name of friend, and run to them as soon as you need their assistance. But I have not forgotten thee! Ah! thou comest to call up our former friendship! Dost thou not remember that I told thee once it was founded on our common misfortunes—that, if ever thou shouldst be fortunate, thou wouldst become to me the most abhorred of mortals? And this Zelia, whose love proves thy happiness, for whom thou darest to implore me, art thou aware that I knew her long before thee? It was to her that, five years ago, in my country, still a stranger to myself, I ventured to address a word of love; it was she whose horror and disdain revealed to me all the atrociousness of my fate; it was she who inspired me with the first

thought of the design which I am now accomplishing. She and herself are the only mortals for whom I still feel a remnant of hatred. Now is it satisfied: she shall die, and thou shalt live. Thou troublest me—begone!"

"No; she shall not die. I will expose to the people your baseness and atrocity. I will make them blush for their credulity and their sanguinary weakness."

"Thou wilt betray me, sayest thou, in spite of the secrecy thou didst swear! Ah! who will believe thee? Thou wilt gain nothing by it but thy own destruction. If thou desirest that so much, thou mayest go. As for the others, it is already too late. This moment thy Zelia dies."

"She dies!" cried I; and, darting from the hiding-place, I flew to our abode.

In crossing a square, he came in contact with a crowd, which, in a motionless and breathless stupor, appeared to be gazing at some great spectacle. By his side passed two men half naked, carrying off the bloody and mutilated body of an old man. He raised his eyes. On a scaffold raised in the centre of the multitude, he saw Zelia. She had recognised her lover: she stretched out her arms towards him, and waived him a last salute. The Unknown darted forward: the astonished crowd opened before him: he pierced through the guards, arrived at the foot of the scaffold, and the head of his affianced bride came rolling to his feet.

Reduced within two or three columns of our own paper, the subject which we have analysed wants neither dramatic interest nor action. But, dispersed, as it is, over more than four hundred pages, mingled with long religious, moral, and political dissertations, it will seem cold and languid to the mass of readers; to those who look for graceful ideas and not strong thoughts; to those who, having no experience of the miseries of exile or the enthusiasm of liberty, cannot know how much truth there is in the impressions of that man who devotes himself to the cause of the people, sacrifices to it his name, his fortune, and his prospects, receiving in exchange the death of what he holds dearest in the world; who, moreover, does not upstartize from his principles, or bring discredit on a cause which, though the miserable may have soiled it for a moment, is, nevertheless, the cause of reason, of justice, and of sacred humanity.

MISS BROWNE'S REPENTANCE.

Repentance, and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne, authoress of "Mist Blanc, &c." 12mo. pp. 118. Longman, London, 1829. [Unpublished.]

ARISTOTEL remarked that those who were proclaimed conquerors at the Olympic games in early life, were seldom heard of after the day of their triumph, their begun career having been checked or stopped short by the powerful influence of praise operating as a paralyzing spell upon all future effort. By keeping an eye upon the history of those youthful conquerors, the great philosopher found, that some of them were contented to subsist upon the fame they had acquired; that others did make new efforts, but, from a vain confidence in their proved abilities, permitted those of inferior powers to excel them; and that a third class had their ardour irretrievably damped by their friends unjustly expecting to excel themselves. The same remarks hold good now with respect to young aspirants in the walks of literature; for few of those who give early promise of superiority fulfil the hopes entertained of their powers of genius, and chiefly for the reasons assigned above two thousand years ago by the prince of the Grecian philosophers. The following is a vivid picture of these effects of success upon a poetess of the present day as drawn by herself, and we cannot too urgently impress the lesson which may here be read upon the attention of the young lady whose volume is now under review.

"I drank the madd'ning cup of praise; which grew
Henceforth the fountain of my life; I lived;
Only in others' breath; in words, a book;
Were of all influence in my destiny;
If praise they spoke, 'twas sunlight to my soul:

Or censure, it was like the scorpion's sting.
And yet a darker lesson was to learn—
The hollowness of each; that praise which
But base exchange of flattery, that blame
Given by cautious coldness, which still deems
'Tis safest to depress; that mockery,
Flinging shafts but to show its own keen aim;
That carelessness, whose very censure's chance,
And, worst of all, the earthly judgment passed
By minds whose native clay is unredeemed
By aught of heaven, whose every thought falls foul
Plague spot on beauty which they cannot feel."

L. E. L.

Heavy, indeed, is the guilt, and terrible the responsibility, of these friends of young authoresses, who, merely because they are authoresses and young, praise their writings without stint or measure; or, if they exercise any discrimination at all, select for the most fulsome panegyric the passages which are the most gaudy in style, the most meretricious in sentiment, and who labour to confirm them in all the vices of thought and style which will prevent their unfortunate proteges from ever rising above the need of their mischievous patronage. As far from us be this most criminal practice as the equally dangerous and more mean ambition of wounding the feelings of those who are more susceptible than the majority, just because they are more worthy. The following lines prove, we think, that the authoress before us, who has already deserved well of the public, if she escape the miserable effects of that 'maddening cup,' to which her contemporary alludes so pathetically, and if she endeavour, with all her might, to cultivate her genius for herself, may become the kind of poetess that her best friends would wish her to be:

LESSONS.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—*Shakespeare.*

"Let us go to the hall, where the red wine flows,
And roses and myrtles are gaily wreathed;
Where many a cheek with its deep joy glows,
And the sweet, sweet music of lutes is breathed.
Ere morning comes, the scene will be fled;
Faded will be the dream of bliss;
The song will be hushed, and the roses dead,—
Is there naught to be learned by this?"

"Let us go to the shore, where the sea shells lie,
And the sand with weeds and wrecks is strown;
Where over the rocks the cold waves fly,
And make their hollow and sullen moan:
Those desolate things were cast away
From the false breast of the raging seas;
And there they are sadly left to decay,—
Is there not a lesson in these?"

"Let us go to the wood, where the hawthorn blows,
When its leaves in the soft spring time are green;
When its mantle around it the woodbine throws,
And the pearly flowerets peep between;—
Oh, we shall find a moral in them,
Thus with the leaves deceitfully twined;
Decking awhile the thorny stem,
Yet dropping off with the first rude wind!"

"Let us go to the fields, when the storm is o'er,
And the rain-drops sparkle like stars at eve;
When the thunder peal is heard no more,
And the ocean's bosom hath ceased to heave:
Then we shall see the rain-bow bright,
From the gloomy clouds and the sunshine wrought,
Shedding on all things its coloured light,—
Something, surely, by this is taught."

"Let us go to the graves, where our loved ones are,
And let us choose the midnight time,
When the heavens are glorious with many a star,
And silence and grandeur raise thoughts sublime;
And as we look from the mouldering dust,
Up to the cope of the beauteous sky;
So shall our spirits ascend, in their trust,
To the Holy Spirit that dwelleth on high."

THE SLEEPERS.

"They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Children wearied with their play;
For the stars of night are peeping,
And the sun hath sunk away;
As the dew upon the blossoms
Bows them on the slender stem,—
So, as light as their own bosoms,
Balmy sleep has conquered them."

"They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Mortals compassed round with woe,—
Eye-lids wearied out with weeping,
Close for very weakness now;
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harassed nature shall sustain,
Till they wake again to-morrow,
Strengthened to contend with pain."

"They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Captives in their gloomy cells;
And sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
With their thousand coloured spells,
All they loved! again they clasp them,—
Feel again their long-lost joys!
But the haste with which they grasp them,
Every fairy form destroys."

"They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Misers by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is gone."

"They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—lightly tread,—
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by those sleepers' bed;
Other hopes have all forsaken,
One remains, that slumber deep;
Speak not, lest they should awaken
From that sweet, that saving sleep."

"They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away,
From a world of woe and weeping,
To the regions of decay.
Safe they rest the green turf under,
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death."

Amongst the other pieces in the volume, we were most delighted with 'The Clouds,' 'The Things of the Waters,' 'The Place of Rest,' and 'Trust in Heaven,' all of which exhibit the same piety and simplicity.

THE PENTATEUCH.

Heber's Sermons in England. Murray, London, 1829.

DURING the last half-century, the authenticity of the Pentateuch has been a question much bruited among the German divines. It is hardly necessary to mention that Volney proudly asserted that the whole work was a compilation made after the return of the Jews from Babylon; and that Hobbes and Spinoza have discriminated between the historical and legal parts, referring the former to Ezra or Hilkiah, and the latter to Moses. The controversy has long lain dormant in our own country; and, as nobody has doubted, every body has believed; and, indeed, a most fearful cry of heterodoxy has been raised against any who, wishing to find in another language what ignorance or prejudice has denied to their own—a just and fair criticism of this interesting question—have even hinted to what is called our 'religious world,' the possibility of such a doubt being entertained. We were, therefore, much pleased to find this subject the head of a discourse; when we opened a volume of 'Heber's Sermons in England.' It is with a grateful melancholy we receive a new posthumous work of a good man lately taken from us; we regard it as, in some degree, a living and acting substitute for the holy presence of the departed mind. We know that in Bishop Heber there could be nothing of proud assertion, nothing of ignorant and unchristian bigotry; and the very commencement of the sermon on which we offer these cursory remarks, proved us right.

It is true, indeed, and it is an observation which it is wise as well as candid to bear in mind, that the faith in our Lord Jesus may be satisfactorily defended by the internal and external evidences of the New Testament alone, though we should abandon as spurious or apocryphal the volume of the law and the prophets.

If, then, the very total rejection of these

records does not necessarily involve a scepticism in the Christian faith, how much more vain and impertinent is the accusation, when brought against those who judiciously apply the canons of criticism to these books, and without attempting to derogate one tittle from the prophetic authority, the poetic inspiration, or even (in all important points) from the historical credibility, merely claim a right of examining for themselves, how far the Bible has been affected by those external circumstances which have left such deep marks on every other ancient literary production. A far more dangerous ground in the New Testament has been safely trod by Marsh, and Eichhorn, and Gratz, and Hug, and the revered Schleiermacher, and we all know how beneficially.

Had, however, Bishop Heber treated this subject as fully and as clearly as it merits, we should have contented ourselves with recommending this volume to the perusal of all our Christian readers; but we are sorry to say that we feel compelled in a certain degree to qualify this recommendation. The view Heber has taken is at best a very crude one: there is in it nothing objectionable of commission, but a great deal of omission; and, widely circulated as this book will be, it is our duty to point out some of these deficiencies, thereby warning its readers not to consider this question as in any way decided by this discourse, but rather advising them, with it in their hand, to apply all their own powers of thought and critical acumen to the subject, and to remember that the required investigation is far deeper than any here entered into.

There seems to have existed in the mind of the Bishop a great confusion with regard to the objections he professes to confute: he could not but be aware that the belief that Ezra compiled the book we now have, from authentic and existing records, is widely different from the supposition (which, indeed, we do not think worthy of contradiction) that Ezra was the *inventor* of this new code; yet we find these sentences following close upon one another:

"Though both Ezra and Nehemiah repeatedly mention that book of the law, which Ezra read and expounded to the people; and they never intimate that he had himself compiled the work in question from the songs of the ancient bards, or the traditions of the wise men before the captivity; will it be said that Ezra was the *re-builder* of a decayed superstition; that it was necessary for him to support his new code by the venerable name of Moses, and to merge the vanity of an author in the darker pride of a successful impostor?" &c. &c.

Now, the second case is well confuted by some very evident argument, but the first is left unopposed, except by the simple assertion that the fact is not *intimated*; and here Heber ought at least to have taken some notice of Ezra vii. 11, where he is specially called, (and the title is applied to no common priest,) "a scribe of the words of the commandments of the Lord and of his statutes to Israel." Again:

"Ezra and Nehemiah speak of the book of the law, as of a composition with which those to whom they write had already been long familiar."

Who denies that the Jews had *some* book of the law long before this time? But the question is, was that book the Pentateuch? In page 113, a sort of summary of the arguments against the instrumentality of Hilkiah in composing any part of the book concludes with,

"It is evident that it was no new work which, in his days, the high priest discovered in the temple; nor could Hilkiah have, by any possibility, been the forger of a volume which, many hundred years before his time, had been read by Joshua and David."

We ask again, who denies this? But, allowing it (as, in fact, it is asserted in the Bible) to be an old work found by the Priest by mere chance, the Bishop has given us no explanation of the dilemma into which we fall. The book must either have been in substance known to the Jews or not: if the former, what is the meaning of

Josiah's terror and contrition at the discovery, (Kings ii. 22,) his public reading of it to the people, (Chron. ii. 34,) and his public celebration of the event? (Chron. ii. 35.) If the latter, what are we to think of that state of society where the religious and civil codes, the divine authorities for all their most trivial ordinances and institutions, their rule of right and wrong, not only in affairs of moment, but in concerns of every-day life; the national annals, the revealed will of God, were suffered, not only to pass into disuse, but to be actually *forgotten*, and to be named after a lapse of years as a thing newly found, and that, too, when a college of priests existed, whose sole duty it was to take care of this very law. This point, and many others of a similar nature, provoke the gravest and most serious inquiry. Our limits will not permit us to enter upon any attempt to elucidate these difficulties, either by any efforts of our own, or by retailing the sound investigations of German critics. Bishop Heber, worthy as he was of the palmiest days of English divinity, kindred-minded as he was to such of the past as Taylor, or Hooker, or Leighton, has treated this subject somewhat, we will not say, too lightly, but too superficially: perhaps it is not at any time fit for a pulpit; it requires too continuous a chain of thought, too much balancing and keeping and rejecting; we could, indeed, wish that Coleridge would give us something more distinct on the question than glimmered forth in his 'Aids to Reflection': he must have studied it deeply, and thought on it long, and the world would be thankful for his contemplations. Perhaps we may, in another number, allude to some facts in the following sermon on 'The Character of Moses.' All the rest of the book is (can we say more?) what we expected. 'Respect due to Antiquity' is a holy vindication of ancestral feelings.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

The Naval Officer; or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. 3 vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

A PRINCIPAL difference between authors who have made the delineation of human character the subject of their labours, between Shakspeare and Byron, Goëthe and Kotzebue, the author of 'Saint Leon' and 'Caleb Williams' and the author of 'The Naval Officer,' is, that while the former consider that consistency is natural and, therefore, necessary, all the latter as determinately provide for the interest of their story by the inconsistency of their characters: and their success which has waited upon the gentle labours of the two first-named authors of the latter kind has seemed to afford proof of the propriety of their practice; a circumstance which, we conclude, has acted upon the author of the work before us, as it has upon some hundred young gentlemen whose ambition of being *Great Inconsistents*, the writings of my Lord Byron aroused. Like the Laras or Giaours, Mr. Francis Mildmay, the naval officer, first wins upon our feelings by being the most consummately heartless scoundrel that ever stopped short of positive crime, and then reconciles himself to the consciences of all moral readers, not indeed as his Lordship's heroes do; but by making acquaintance with a dignitary of the Established Church, reading certain pages of a religious book which the Bishop lends him, becoming a Christian and marrying Miss Somerville, the heroine of the story. As a development of character, this novel is contemptible; as a collection of interesting descriptions, for which its story and the circumstances of its hero afforded very excellent opportunities, we are also compelled to say that it is far from being what it might have been in the hands of an abler artist. A short analysis of the story must suffice. Mr. F. Mildmay, a gentleman of large property, after having been sent to a school, where the folly of the master and the avaricious disposition of the mistress at length plant every description of

vice in his breast, in place of all the virtues which previously existed there, 'discovers that there is no schoolmaster in the ship, and that the midshipmen are allowed a pint of wine a day,' and, after much reluctance on the part of his father, is sent to sea. Here he becomes, by a series of tyrannical oppressions on the part of some older and stronger midshipmen of the mess, confirmed in his evil feeling, and gradually becomes as corrupted as a weak disposition can be by the practice of a man-of-war in port. The ship is in action at Trafalgar; a few lines of the description of this affair we extract:

"One of these proved to be English, and our captain seeing her between two of the enemy, bore up to take her in tow: at the same time, one of our ships of the line opened a heavy fire on one of the French line of battle ships, unluckily situated in a right line between us, so that the shot which missed the enemy sometimes came on board of us. I was looking out of the bow-port at the moment that a shot struck our ship on the stern between wind and water. It was the first time I had ever seen the effect of a heavy shot; it made a great splash, and, to me, as I then thought, a very unusual noise, throwing a great deal of water in my face. I very naturally started back, as I believe many a brave fellow has done. Two of the seamen quartered at my guns, laughed at me. I felt ashamed, and resolved to show no more such weakness."

"This shot was very soon succeeded by some others not quite so harmless: one came into the bow port, and killed the two men who had witnessed my trepidation. My pride having been hurt that these men should have seen me flinch, I will own that I was secretly pleased when I saw them removed beyond the reach of human interrogation."

"It would be difficult to describe my feelings on this occasion. Not six weeks before, I was the robber of hen-roosts and gardens—the hero of a horse-pond, ducking an usher—now suddenly, and almost without any previous warning or reflection, placed in the midst of carnage, and an actor in one of those grand events by which the fate of the civilized world was to be decided."

"A quickened circulation of blood, a fear of immediate death, and a still greater fear of shame, forced me to an involuntary and frequent change of position; and it required some time, and the best powers of intellect, to reason myself into that frame of mind in which I could feel as safe and as unconcerned as if we had been in harbour. To this state I at last did attain, and soon felt ashamed of the perturbation under which I laboured before the firing began. I prayed, it is true; but my prayer was not that of faith, of trust, or of hope—I prayed only for safety from imminent personal danger; and my orisons consisted of one or two short, pious ejaculations, without a thought of repentance for the past or amendment for the future."

"But when we had once got fairly into action, I felt no more of this, and beheld a poor creature cut in two by a shot with the same indifference that at any other time I should have seen a butcher kill an ox. Whether my heart was bad or not, I cannot say; but I certainly felt my curiosity was gratified more than my feelings were shocked, when a raking-shot killed seven and wounded three more. I was sorry for the men, and, for the world, would not have injured them; but I had a philosophic turn of mind; I liked to judge of causes and effects; and I was secretly pleased at seeing the effect of a raking shot."—Vol. i. pp. 87—91.

To these specimens of moral development, add the following, and our midshipman is prepared for all the scenes of villany which he afterwards figures in, p. 94:

"Soon after the action, we were ordered to Spithead, with duplicate despatches. One morning I heard a midshipman say, 'he would do his old father out of a new kit.' I inquired what that meant, was first called a green-horn for not knowing, and then had it explained to me. 'Don't you know,' said my instructor, 'that after every action there is more canvas, rope, and paint, expended in the warrant-officer's accounts, than were destroyed by the enemy?'"

"I assented to this on the credit of the informer, without knowing whether it was true or false, and he proceeded."

"How are we to have white hammock-cloths, sky-sail masts, and all our finery, besides a coat of paint for the ship's sides every six weeks, if we don't expend all these things in action, and pretend they were lost overboard, or destroyed? The list of defects are given in to the ad-

miral, he signs the demand, and the old commissioner must come down with the stores, whether he will or not. I once was in a sloop of war, when a large forty-four-gun frigate ran on board of us, carried away her jib-boom, and left her large fine weather-jib hanging on our fore-yard. It was made of beautiful Russia duck, and, to be sure, didn't we make a gang of white hammock-cloths fore and aft, besides white trowsers for the men? Well now, you must know, that, as we make *uncle George* suffer for the stores, so I mean to make *dad* suffer for my traps. I mean to lose my chest overboard, with all my 'kit,' and return home to him and the old woman just fit for the fashion."

"And do you really mean to deceive your father and mother in that way?" replied I, with much apparent innocence.

"Do I? To be sure I do, you flat. How am I to keep up my stock, if I don't make the proper use of an action like this that we have been in?"

"I took the hint: it never once occurred to me, that if I had fairly and candidly stated to my parents that my stock of clothes were insufficient for my appearance as a gentleman on the quarter-deck, that they would cheerfully have increased it to any reasonable extent. But I had been taught artifice and cunning; I could tell the truth where I thought it served my purpose, as well as a lie; but here I thought deception was a proof at once of spirit and of merit; and I resolved to practise it, if only to raise myself a trifling degree in the estimation of my unworthy associates. I had become partial to deception from habit, and preferred exercising my own ingenuity in outwitting my father, to obtaining what I needed by more straight-forward and honourable measures."—Vol. i. pp. 94—96.

We shall not follow the author through all the succeeding events, partly because they present little variety, being all on board ship, and partly because we think they might have been very frequently expressed in a less coarse style. We except the following passage:

"Early on the second morning of our departure we made Cape de Gaete. As the day dawned we discovered four sail in the wind's eye, and close in shore. The wind was light, and all sail was made in chase. We gained very little on them for many hours, and towards evening it fell calm. The boats were then ordered to pursue them, and we sat off, diverging a little from each other's course, or, as the French would say, *deplacée*, to give a better chance of falling in with them. I was in the gig with the master, and, that being the best running boat, we soon came up with one of the feluccas. We fired musquetry at her; but, having a light breeze, she would not bring-to. We then took good aim at the helmsman, and hit him. The man only shifted the helm from his right hand to his left, and kept on his course. We still kept firing at this intrepid fellow, and I felt it was like wilful murder, since he made no resistance, but steadily endeavoured to escape.

"At length we got close under the stern, and hooked on with our boat-hook. This the Spaniards unhooked, and we dropped astern, having laid our oars in; but, the breeze dying entirely away, we again pulled up alongside, and took possession. The poor man was still at the helm, bleeding profusely. We offered him every assistance, and asked why he did not surrender sooner. He replied, that he was an old Castilian. Whether he meant that an earlier surrender would have disgraced him, or that he contemplated, from his former experience, a chance of escape to the last moment, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that no one ever behaved better; and I felt that I would have given all I possessed to have healed the wounds of this patient, meek, and undaunted old man, who uttered no complaint, but submitted to his fate with a magnanimity which would have done credit to Socrates himself. He had received four musket-balls in his body, and, of course, survived his capture but a very few hours.

"We found to our surprise that this vessel, with the three others, one of which was taken by another of our boats, were from Lima. They were single-masted, about thirty tons burthen, twelve men each, and were laden with copper, hides, wax, and cochineal, and had been out five months. They were bound to Valentia, from which they were only one day's sail when we intercepted them. Such is the fortune of war! This gallant man, after a voyage of incredible labour and difficulty, would in a few hours have embraced his family, and gladdened their hearts with the produce of honest industry and successful enterprise; when, in a moment, all their hopes were blasted by our legal murder and robbery; and our prize-money came to

our pockets with the tears, if not the curses, of the widow and the orphan!"—Vol. i., pp. 142—144.

After much active service, he returns home on the death of his mother; soon quarrels with his father, and, leaving the house, falls in with a company of strolling players, among whom there is a very pretty and interesting girl, whom Mr. Frank Mildmay seduces. In the mean time, he has attached himself to a Miss Somerville, and become, through her family, reconciled to his father; and in his conduct to whom we find him to be as great a rascal as could be expected. After joining the company of players for Eugenia's sake, being recognised by his father on the stage, he goes to sea again, leaving his mistress *enroute*. After a thousand scenes in which folly, profligacy, and bravery, are conspicuously displayed, dangers and repentance, safety and fresh guilt, Mr. Mildmay, now a lieutenant, falls in with an American vessel, and remains as it were prisoner on board, till he is rescued by an English frigate, which takes the American. The chase is interesting, but reminds us of the vast superiority of that in Mr. Cooper's novel of 'The Pilot.' With the prize, Lieutenant Mildmay goes back to England, and, after more profligacy and fresh repentance, a quarrel with Miss Somerville, and a meeting with Eugenia, falls in with a bishop who converts and marries him to Miss Somerville. We are inclined to think the author of this novel a man of more talent than taste. Much of what he describes he does with considerable success, and in so natural a manner as to induce us to believe that it is the result of personal observation. Bating the utter heartlessness of the hero, and the very unnatural reformation which takes place of his character, the novel is a good one: we should, however, have preferred it, if much of the coarseness which we observe in it had been omitted; it surely was unnecessary. There is a little disposition observable to carp at aristocratical captains, which we also wish had been avoided; but, with the exception of these errors, we have been a good deal amused by 'The Naval Officer,' of whom we will now take leave with a last extract. It describes the scene which immediately led to the hero's last quarrel with Miss Somerville.

"It was, indeed, a case of singular calamity, for a beautiful young creature to be placed in. She was only in her three-and-twentieth year—and, lovely as she was, nature had scarcely had time to finish the picture. The regrets which subdued my mind on that fatal morning, may only be conceived by those who, like me, have led a licentious life,—have, for a time, buried all moral and religious feeling, and have been suddenly called to a full sense of their guilt, and the misery they have entailed on the innocent. I sat down and groaned. I cannot say I wept, for I could not weep; but my forehead burned, and my heart was full of bitterness.

"While I thus meditated, Eugenia sat with her hand on her forehead, in a musing attitude. Had she been reverting to her former studies, and thrown herself into the finest conceivable posture of the tragic muse, her appearance would not have been half so beautiful and affecting. I thought she was praying, and I think so still. The tears ran in silence down her face; I kissed them off, and almost forgot Emily.

"I am better now, Frank," said the poor, sorrowful woman; "do not come again until after the wedding. When will it take place?" she inquired, with a trembling and a faltering voice.

"My heart almost burst within me, as I told her, for I felt as if I was signing a warrant for her execution. I took her in my arms, and, tenderly embracing her, endeavoured to divert her thoughts from the mournful fate too evidently hung over her; she became tranquil, and I proposed taking a stroll in the adjoining park. I thought the fresh air would revive her.

"She agreed to this; and, going to her room, returned in a few minutes. To her natural beauty was added on that fatal day a morning-dress, which more than any other became her; it was white, richly trimmed, and fashionably made up by a celebrated French milliner. Her bonnet was white muslin, trimmed with light blue ribbons, and a sash of the same colour confined her slender waist. The little Eugenia ran before us, now at my side, and now at his mother's. We rambled about for some time, the burthen of our con-

versation being the future plans and mode of education to be adopted for the child; this was a subject on which she always dwelt with pleasure.

"Tired with our walk, we sat down under a clump of beech-trees, near a grassy ascent, winding among the thick foliage, contrived by the opulent owner to extend and diversify the rides in his noble domain. Eugenio was playing around us, picking the wild flowers, and running up to me to inquire their names.

"The boy was close by my side, when, startled at a noise, he turned round and exclaimed—

"Oh! look, mamma, look, papa, there is a lady and a gentleman a-riding."

"I turned round, and saw Mr. Somerville and Emily on horseback, within six paces of me; so still they stood, so mute, I could have fancied Emily a wax-work figure. They neither breathed nor moved; even their very horses seemed to be of bronze, or, perhaps, the unfortunate situation in which I found myself made me think them so. They had come as unexpectedly on us as we had discovered them. The soft turf had received the impression of their horses' feet, and returned no sound; and, if they snorted, we had either not attended to them, in the warmth of our conversation, or we had never heard them.

"I rose up hastily—coloured deeply—stammered, and was about to speak. Perhaps it was better that I did not; but I had no opportunity. Like apparitions they came, and like apparitions they vanished. The avenue from whence they had so silently issued received them again, and they were gone before Eugenia was sensible of their presence."—Vol. iii. p. 202—206.

ATLAS OF GRECIAN HISTORY.

Numismatic Atlas of Grecian History. By Benjamin Richard Green. Priestly and Wcale. London, 1829.

THIS is a work of a novel character, and its conception, we may predict, will be appreciated alike by the medalist and the historian. The medalist will find depicted with fidelity and elegance, and arranged with perspicuity, an unbroken series of coins, the detached portions of which he would otherwise have been compelled to seek out laboriously from different cabinets; and the illustration afforded by the plan to the period of history it embraces, calls for the peculiar thanks of the student, who, by its means, will be enabled to form the 'chain of memory' with a living and brilliant succession of links, instead of being driven, as heretofore, to the lifeless data of a chronological table.

We regret that our limits preclude us from laying before our readers such an exposition of the work, in its details, as, to do it justice, would be required. We will attempt, however, a brief reference to its more striking features.

Mr. Green has divided his subject amongst the states of the ancient continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. In the first of these, we find Sicily, Epirus, Macedonia, Illyria, and Thrace.

Asia in two divisions. The first contains, Caria, Mysia, Bithynia, Paphlagonia, Galatia, Cilicia, Cappadocia, and Pontus, including the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

In the second division of Asia, are Judea, Cammagene, Edissa, Armenia, Parthia, and Bactria.

Africa contains Egypt, Numidia, Cyrene, and Mauritania.

Some details of the Syracusan coins, and the manner in which they have been arranged and applied by Mr. Green to illustrate his historical views, will sufficiently demonstrate the object and the result of his tract, without repeating the similar course which he has adopted on the Continents of Asia and Africa, and their respective kingdoms and subordinate divisions.

The Syracusan coins differ little in their character from those of other European monarchs. They comprise a great variety, and in beauty of execution they rival any extant. The usual symbol is a figure of Victory guiding a chariot, as on the coins of Gelo and Hiero II.; on the obverse, the heads of Ceres and Proserpine, who were the deities worshipped on that fruitful island. Silver coins have been ascribed to Dio-

nysius II.; but, as much doubt exists respecting their authenticity, they are omitted. They are inscribed with Phœnician characters, and probably were struck by the Carthaginians. No coins of Agathodes have yet been found with his portrait. Those of Thicetas are all of gold.

Mr. Green has pursued a similar course of research and exhibition on Epirus, Macedonia, and the other European kingdoms, as enumerated at the head of our article.

In the Asiatic division, as divided into two parts, the coins of more historical character are those of Alexander the Great's successors; as Antigonus, Demetrius, Ptolemy, Cassander, Seleucus, and Lysimachus.

The coins of Cappadocia are all of silver, and, as arranged by Mr. Green, are valuable in regulating the succession of the dynasty which the conquest of Eumenes had partially interrupted.

The coins of Pontus are all of great rarity, existing in silver only prior to Mithradates the Great, who has left them of both metals: a hind feeding forms his common symbol.

We have implicitly adopted Mr. Green's corrected orthography of this prince's name, on the authority, to us indisputable, of such being the reading of the word on all the coins where it occurs, with a single obscure exception, — an instance, in passing, of the practical service of the study.

The second part of Asia presents us with Syria. It is a tempting article, and merits all the display which a much larger periodical work could admit.

Mr. Green has historically arranged the coins to mark the eventful period of its history; but the work alone can enable the reader to appreciate the value of his research and learning.

Parthia has deserved the attention of Mr. Green, having originally consisted of a colony of Scythians, who established themselves in the country east of the Caspian Sea, and continued for many centuries little known; but, in the division of the Macedonian Empire, it became the share of Seleucus; and, in consequence of some internal dissensions, Arsaces, a man of obscure birth, but possessing great activity and talents, acquired a party about him and saved his country. He then founded the Arsacid dynasty, and the name became the regal title, whilst the dominions were greatly extended; for it comprised, at length, all the countries between the Caspian Sea and the Indian Ocean, and extended westward to Asia Minor. This dynasty subsisted for five centuries, and was then incorporated into the Persian Empire, bearing the designation of Sassanidæa.

Under the division of Africa, Egypt naturally claims the historian's first attention, whether in composition or by medallic illustration; yet it appears that few coins were struck there prior to the third century B. C., when the country, having been conquered by the Greeks, its coins, in many respects, resemble the Grecian ones.

From the Ptolemies we descend to the last of that race, the celebrated Cleopatra, sister of Ptolemy XII.; and, after her reign of thirteen years, Egypt became a Roman province, and presented few events worth historic notice.

The coins of the Ptolemies, and those of their queens, (the Syrian excepted,) form the most beautiful monarchic series extant: many of them are unrivalled in execution; and the gold, both in size and number, exceed those of any other kingdom. The symbol of an eagle on a thunderbolt was adopted by Ptolemy I.; and this and the cornucopia are the uniform types throughout the series. The vast Egyptian brass coins were probably common to many of the kings. They invariably represent the head of Jupiter on the obverse, and an eagle for the reverse, with the simple legend, — *Basileos Ptolemaion*.

Mr. Green has added a useful table of the different sizes and value of the Grecian coins.

The historical part of this valuable work is, as

it ought to be, a mere sketch, intending to urge the readers, if they may be so called, to inquiry, research, and reference, to comparing with more ancient works in a different shape. The erudite character of the undertaking will necessarily impede that rapid and extensive circulation which such works deserve, and which eventually it must achieve by its own intrinsic value. It seems to us that if it should find its way into some of our better schools, where the masters are liberal as well as learned, its value will be speedily circulated; because several young people may be employed at the same time, and without confusion, in examining these coins of ancient classics, whilst others will quickly produce the testimonies familiar to their daily occupation to determine their applicability; and we hope, too, for the sake and reward of that merit which, sooner or later, in this learned and liberal country is always acknowledged and rewarded in that best manner—the approbation of the wise and benevolent—that our brief sketch of this excellent work may attract the notice of the elder brethren in critical operations, who have greater space for the elaborate display which we think is due to the work, and also more tact and *pratique* in apportioning the distinct part of this elegant chronology.

The plan adopted in the arrangement of these medals in the Atlas is, we think, excellent. It presents at one view, on several successive sheets of drawing-paper, a chronological and contemporary series of the coins of the several monarchies of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which we have already mentioned, forming a perfect illustration of Grecian history. They commence A.M. 3504, with the kingdoms of Macedonia and Sicily, and continue for 750 years, down to the era of the Roman Emperor Decius; omitting, however, all notice of the Roman Emperors, excepting where their portraits occur as reverses on the coins of those provinces which were subject to their empire, but which had a distinct Government of their own; such as the Cimmerian Bosphorus, Edessa, &c.

We understand that Mr. Green intends hereafter publishing a similar numismatic work illustrative of Roman history, should he meet with encouragement: and we sincerely hope that this desirable project may not be suspended by any deficiency of patronage from the public. Mr. Green, in addition to the volume of descriptive letter-press, has given with the coins a marginal table of the principal events of general history during the period we have mentioned, which much increases the interest of the work. Many of the coins selected by Mr. Green are very rare, and some of them unique. They are drawn on stone in an exquisite manner; and from the useful way in which the whole has been conducted, they are no doubt faithful and spirited copies of the originals. The number of the obverses and reverses amounts to nearly 700.

Where there are so many claims to merit, a judicious and appropriate selection is very embarrassing,—particularly as our paper warns us that we are nearly approaching the limits which we may not transgress; but we will mention a few of the most striking coins.

The Macedonian series is generally good: we particularly admire a coin of Alexander III., or Magnus; the head is very fine. The reverse, a figure of Jupiter seated, is admirably executed; the outline of the figure, the drapery, every stroke in short, though on so small a scale, is perfectly free and distinct. Philip V. is also a good head; Antigonus I. is a fine countenance; the reverse is an Apollo seated at the prow of a vessel. In Epirus, a silver coin of Pyrrhus has attracted us; it is copied from one in the British Museum. There are also many beautiful specimens among the Syracusan coins: we may select Hiero II., and the reverse, a figure of Victory guiding a chariot. The Ptolemies and their queens are almost unexceptionably good; the heads are admirable portraits; the reverses are generally either

an eagle standing on a thunderbolt or a cornucopia: these eagles, like their prototypes, are all noble birds, and the variety of tasteful ornament displayed in the cornucopias is exquisite. We prefer the heads of Ptolemy I., II., and VII., and the heads of Arsinoe and Berenice. We cannot say much in favour of the celebrated Cleopatra, that star of historic beauty, which so influenced the then lords of the world; nor does the bust, accompanying her own, of her last all-devoted lover, realise the image with which we had previously beguiled our fancy of 'the curled Anthony.' To Berenice and Arsinoe, who flourished 250 years before her, must be assigned, according to the Egyptian chart, the palm of female beauty and loveliness: their portraits are unrivalled models for the artist. But we must terminate our review: surrounded by so many royal and illustrious claimants, we scarce know how to dismiss them, unnoticed into the obscure imprisonment of a portfolio. There are a few Judean medals, very interesting as illustrative of history, though not as specimens of art. There is also a distinct table of the bronze coins of the Seleucidæ, which contains many attractive pieces.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Green without expressing our thanks to him for some very pleasant hours spent in even a slight examination of his attractive work, as every page presents an abundant field of instruction and amusement.

MANUAL OF SCIENCE.

The Manual of Science and Literature, and Weekly Register of the London Mechanics' Institution. Nos. I. and II.

This publication is one of the signs of the times. As its title professes, it is addressed to the operative classes; but the subjects of which it treats, and the respectable tone and manner which it assumes, render it fit and instructive reading for all ranks. We observe Reports of Dr. Birkbeck's lectures on Fire-Escapes, and on the Application of Animal Power, and Mr. Dakin's lecture on Galvanism, as severally delivered at the Mechanics' Institution; articles on the intended Metropolitan Improvements, drawn, we should imagine, from official sources; notices on the Fine Arts, and other papers of general interest. If such works as this become popular and form a substitute for the trash addressed to the working classes of society, by the weekly press in general, it will, indeed, afford a striking evidence of the improving moral state of the population, of the advantage of institutions such as that to which this periodical professes itself to be the organ.

Picture of the last Protestant House of Lords.—Mr. Jones, R. A. is engaged on a painting representing the last Protestant House of Lords. Arrangements were made in the House on Thursday for affording the artist a convenient situation, whence he might take the necessary sketch. The portraits of the Catholic Peers will be introduced, but as expectants, not as forming part of the Legislative Assembly. The commission to paint this picture proceeds, it is said, from Lord Petre.

Steam-Vessels.—It appears, from returns made by order of the House of Commons, that the total number of steam-boats or vessels belonging to all the ports of Great Britain, is 310, and the number of tons 26,374. Vessels belonging to Government are not included in this account. Of the number in the return, 57 belong to the port of London. It also appears that 16 steam-boats are now building.

Mr. Aldini, of Milan, has invented a dress of asbestos, covered with metallic gauze, by means of which the wearer can traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire, for the purpose of rescuing individuals and of preserving property.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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THE MUSEUM OF THOUGHTS.

PART IV.—NOVALIS.

A good book should be full of mind: the mind should be incessantly revealing itself therein, or at least should be frequently re-appearing anew in an altered form. It must not be content with coming forward once, at the beginning, as is the case in many a philosophical system.

Every body in whose mind a real disposition to reflection is predominant, and whose object is not merely to acquire a knowledge of this thing or that thing, must be perpetually progressive. Very many learned persons are devoid of any such disposition. They have learnt to draw conclusions and inferences, as a shoemaker learns to make shoes, without ever troubling themselves or taking it into their head to investigate the principle of their thoughts. Yet no good is to be done in any other way. With many the disposition lasts only for a while. It increases and decreases; it often decays with the advance of age; it often dies away on the getting hold of a system, which was only sought for in order that the seeker might dispense ever after with all the labour of reflection.

The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self, to render our consciousness its own light and its own mirror. Hence there is the less reason to be surprised at our inability to enter fully into the feelings and characters of others. No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself, will ever have a true understanding of another.

Before the exercise of abstraction, all things are one; but this one is a chaos: after the exercise of abstraction, all things are again united; but this union is a free combination of independent self-determinate beings. What was a mob has become a society; the chaos has been transformed into a varied world.

Experience is the proof of theory, and conversely. The same inadequateness which we find in the application of mere theory, and on which practical men are so fond of expatiating, occurs likewise in the reasoning application of mere experience; and it is perceived intelligibly enough by the true philosopher, but with the acknowledgment that such must necessarily be the case. The practical man is induced by this to reject mere theory altogether, and never suspects how problematical it is, what would be the answer to the question: whether the theory exist for the sake of the application, or the application for the sake of the theory?

The narrower a system is, the surer is it to please men of the world. Thus it is among this class that the system of the materialists, the doctrines of Helvetius, and those of Locke, have met with the greatest applause.

In the age when men first found out how to exercise the judgment, every new opinion it pronounced was a discovery. The value of this discovery was in proportion to the number of cases it would bear upon, and of results it would lead to. Maxims, which to us now-a-days seem extremely common-place, could not then be hit upon without an extraordinary degree of intellectual activity. It required genius and acuteness to employ the newly-found instrument in, the detecting of new relations. Above all did it excite admiration, and attract the notice of every sensible person, when it was directed toward that which is most peculiar, most interesting, and most universal in human nature. Thus originated those collections of gnomes which have been so highly esteemed in all ages and among all nations. It may easily come to

pass that our present most ingenious discoveries may in course of time experience a fate like theirs. A period may possibly arrive, when all these will be as common-place as moral apophthegms are now, and when new and loftier discoveries will be engaging the restless spirit of mankind.

Our intellectual instinct is singularly blended or compounded of mystery and knowledge.

Common logic is the grammar of a higher language, or of thought: it embraces merely the relations of notions to one another, the mechanics of thought, the pure physiology of notions. Logical notions bear the same relation to each other, as words without thoughts. The dealings of logic are only with the dead body of the intellectual system. Metaphysics on the contrary are the pure dynamics of thought: they treat of the original intellectual powers: their dealings are with the bare soul of the intellectual system. The relation borne by metaphysical notions to each other is like that borne by thoughts without words. People have often felt surprise that the two sciences have continued so pertinaciously in a state of imperfection: each of the two went on its way alone; every where there was something wanting; nothing was quite right in either. From the very beginning attempts were made to combine them, as every thing in them pointed out their affinity: but every attempt failed, because one of the two was always a sufferer, by being robbed of its essential character. The product was always either metaphysical logic, or logical metaphysics; but neither was what it ought to be. Nor did physiology and psychology, mechanics and chemistry, fare better. In the latter half of the last century there arose a new and more violent agitation than ever: the hostile bodies made head against each other with greater force than formerly; the fermentation was excessive; it was followed by tremendous explosions. At present it is asserted by some, that somewhere or other a real interpenetration has taken place; that the seeds of a union have been sown, which will grow by degrees, and incorporate all things into one indivisible form; that this principle of eternal peace is penetrating irresistibly on every side; and that soon there will be but one science and one spirit, as there is one prophet and one God.

The mere discursive thinker is a scholastic. The true scholastic is a mystical subtilizer: he constructs his universe out of logical atoms: he does away with living nature, to set up an artificial fabric of notions in her stead. His ideal is an infinite automaton. Over against him stands the mere intuitive poet. The latter sees all things in the gross: he hates all rule and definite form: he can find nothing in nature but the wild impetuous operations of its vital powers: all seems alive to him; but without anything like law: every thing is the work of chance; every thing is marvellous. His mind is purely dynamic. Thus the spirit of philosophy first begins to stir in masses entirely separate from each other. In the second stage of civilisation these masses come into contact, in a variety of ways. As it is from the combination of two infinite extremes that the finite and contracted arises, so here spring up eclectics without number: the time of misunderstandings arrives. He whose sphere is the most contracted is in this stage the person of the greatest importance, the consummate philosopher of the second period. This class is entirely confined to the real present world, in the strictest sense of the word. The philosophers of the first class look with contempt on those of the second, saying they are a little of every thing, and accordingly nothing, and holding their opinions to be the results of their weakness and incapacity for consecutive reasoning. On the other hand, the second class regard the first with pity, and charge them with an enthusiasm which has all the absurdity of madness. Now, though

the scholastics and alchemists appear to be totally severed from each other, while the eclectics appear to be united, yet the very reverse is the case. The former are indirectly all of one mind on the essential point, namely, the absolute independence and the infinite tendencies and reach of speculation; they both start from the universal: whereas the eclectics are at variance in the main, and only concur in certain derivative conclusions. The spirit of the former is infinite, but uniform; that of the latter finite, but manifold: the former have genius, the latter talents; the former ideas, the latter contrivances; the former are heads without hands, the latter hands without heads. The third stage is attained by that artist, who has at once the intuitive power of genius, and can make his own nature the material for his genius to work on. He perceives that the original separation of the independent philosophical powers arises from a separation existing in the depths of his own being, the very continuance of which implies the possibility of a reconciliation and a union; he perceives that, heterogeneous as those modes of action are, he possesses in himself the ability of passing from one to the other, of changing his polarity at will. Thus he discovers that they are both of them necessary constituents of his mind, and that there must be some one common principle in which both are united. Hence he concludes that eclecticism is nothing but a result from the imperfect defective exercise of that power of transition. He regards it as more than probable, that the ground of this imperfection lies in the weakness of the productive imagination; in its being unable to keep itself suspended and contemplate itself in the moment of its going over from one faculty to the other. The complete representation of that true spiritual life which this act would bring before the consciousness, is philosophy in the highest sense of the word: and this is the birth-place of that vital reflection, which, if cultivated with assiduous care, will afterward expand of itself into a spiritual universe infinite in the variety of its forms, being the seed and the germ of an all-comprehending organization. It is the beginning of an interminable process by which the mind will penetrate through every part of itself.

Sophists are persons who, keeping a look out for the weaknesses and the mistakes of philosophers, try to turn them to their own account, or to employ them for some unworthy and unphilosophical purpose. So that, in fact, such people have nothing to do with philosophy. If they profess to be unphilosophical from principle, they are to be regarded as the enemies of philosophy, and to be treated as such. The most dangerous class amongst them are those who are sceptics out of pure hatred for philosophy. Other sceptics may in part be very estimable persons; they are the forerunners of the third period. They have a genuine gift of philosophical analysis, and only want a spiritual mastery and concentration; they have the requisite capacity, but not the self-impelling force: they feel the insufficiency of preceding systems; no one of these is able to vivify the whole of their spiritual nature: they have a correct taste; but are devoid of the needful energy of a productive imagination. They are of necessity polemical. All eclectics are sceptics at the bottom; the more they embrace, the more sceptical are they: which last remark is confirmed by the fact, that the men of the greatest and soundest learning in former times have confessed at the end of their lives that they knew the least.

To philosophize is to dephlegm, to vivify. Hitherto, in the examinations of philosophy, people have begun with striking philosophy dead, and have then anatomized and analysed her. They fancied the component parts of the *caput mortuum* were the component parts of philosophy. But every effort to reproduce what had been slain, to recombine what had been dissolved, has always failed. It is but lately that an attempt has been made to observe philosophy in a living state; and

there may come a time when by so doing we shall acquire the art of making philosophies.

Applicableness is the criterion by which many would try the value of philosophy. There are those who would make a trade of philosophy, as well as those who revere it as an art. Another criterion of the same kind is communicableness: philosophy must admit of its being taught and learnt. Yet another like criterion is involved in the axiom, that philosophy must contain nothing anti-conventional, that it must fall in with the prevailing form of religion, the prevailing state of manners, of opinions, and so forth. A similar axiom requires, that philosophy should not overstep the limits of sensible knowledge: another, that it must have nothing to do with poetry: yet another, that it must not come within the reach of ordinary men, must have a language of its own, and dwell no where but in the schools. No, says another; on the contrary, it must be amusing, must be familiar with the mechanic and the peasant, must be perfectly common and easy, always at hand, and useful on every occasion; it must have no religion, and must shrug up its shoulders at morality; it must have an answer for every question, and that answer a full and circumstantial one: it must know something of every thing. Thus every body, in what he asks for, puts forward the favourite wish of his heart, the wants of his nature, the peculiarities of his character: and one need only know a person's philosophy, to have a pretty good knowledge of what he is. Many change their philosophy, like their servants, or their wishes. At length they conceive a hatred against every kind of it, and make their choice for the last time, and for ever. Now they think they are rid of philosophy, and they are more than ever in the clutches of the demon, who feeds them well and takes good care of them, in order some day to have a delicate morsel of them. Another well-meaning herd of people keeps clear of all these temptations. They never venture to seize this Proteus and hold him fast, because they do not know him. The cleverer among them are sure that what is said of Proteus must be an idle-headed fable; they never saw him or felt him, and positively deny his existence: the better subjects do they make him.

The primary philosophical act is self-destruction: hereby alone do we gain an entrance into the new world of philosophy; and this is the object which the disciple of philosophy must direct all his endeavours to accomplish.

Philosophy, like all synthetical sciences, mathematics for instance, is arbitrary. It is an ideal self-discovered method of observing the mind, of arranging it, and so on.

Analysis is the art of divination, or of invention, reduced to rule.

All ideas are related to each other. A family likeness amongst them is what we call analogy. From comparing several children together one would be able to divine the peculiarities of their parents. Every family springs from two elements, which become one, through their nature, and yet at the same time against it. Every family contains the germs of an infinite race of peculiar human beings.

Philosophy is fundamentally anti-historical: it proceeds from the future and the necessary to the present and the real: it explains the past by means of the future, whereas history does the very reverse.

The meaning of Socratism is, that philosophy is everywhere or nowhere, and that we may without much trouble discover our latitude in all places, and find what we are seeking. Socratism is the art of finding the position of truth from any given spot; and thus of accurately determining the bearings of that spot with reference to truth.

Philosophy is in fact home-sickness,—a longing to be at home wherever we are.

True philosophy proceeds by the method of exhaustion, which comprehends the method of inversion. When we are studying nature, it refers us to ourselves, to internal observations and experiments; and when we are studying ourselves, it refers us to the outer world, to external observations and experiments: which outer world, when philosophically contemplated, is an inexhaustible storehouse of symbolical indications. It teaches us to look upon nature, or the outward world, as a human being; and convinces us that the only way in which we can and are meant to understand any thing whatever, is the same in which we understand our own selves and our friends and those about us. We now see the true bonds of union between the subject and the object; we see that there is also an external world within us, the connection of which with our own inner self is analogous to that between the external world without us and our outer self, and that these two external worlds are united in the same manner as our inner self with our outer self; and that consequently it is only by thoughts that we can perceive the interior and the soul of nature, as it is only by sensations that we perceive her exterior and her body.

True philosophy is a perfect combination of realism with idealism: it rests upon a higher faith. Faith is inseparable from idealism.

Error and prejudice are weights, indirect stimulants to such as are active and able to bear every weight. But the weak are rendered still weaker by them.

To know a truth thoroughly, one should some time or other have controverted it.

Falsehood from a higher point of view has an aspect yet far worse than its usual one. It is the basis of a false world, the first link in an inextricable chain of errors and entanglements. Falsehood is the source of all moral and physical evil.

There is no such thing as philosophy in the concrete. Philosophy is, like the philosopher's stone, or the quadrature of the circle, merely an object which the man of science must of necessity set before himself; it is the ideal of all knowledge. The only concrete sciences are mathematics and physics.

There are certain internal visions, which seem to have a totally different character from all others; for they are accompanied by a feeling of their necessity; and yet there is not the slightest external cause for their existence. It will sometimes seem to a person as though he were engaged in a conversation, and some unknown spiritual being were leading him on in a wondrous manner to unfold the thoughts of which he has the firmest conviction. This being must be a being of a higher order; for it carries on an intercourse with him of such a kind as no being fettered by the laws of matter could do: it must be a homogeneous being; for it treats him as a spiritual being, and only excites him to spiritual activity. This higher self bears the same relation to man that man bears to nature, or the sage to the child: and man yearns to become like it, even as he strives to make nature like himself. This fact cannot be demonstrated; every one must learn it from his own experience: it is a fact of a higher order, and he alone who rises above his fellows will meet with it: still we ought to endeavour to fit ourselves for its taking place within us. Philosophising is the carrying on an internal dialogue of this kind; it is in fact the process of an internal revelation, the arousal of our real self by our ideal self. The determination to philosophise is a summons to our real self, commanding it to reflect, to

awaken, and to become a spirit. Without philosophy there is no true morality; and without morality there is no philosophy.

They who seek after philosophy in true fellowship, are engaged in a common expedition to a beloved world; and they relieve themselves by turns at the front posts, where the greatest exertion is needed to overcome the resistance of the element they are flying through. They follow the sun, and tear themselves away from the spot which by the laws of the revolution of our globe is involved for a while in cold and darkness and mist.

In every system some one idea, some one observation, or some few, have always thriven more than the rest, which they have either dwarfed or stifled, and they are often left standing quite alone. In framing a system of the spiritual world, we should seek after ideas everywhere, and give each its peculiar soil and temperature, the nourishment best suited to it, and the neighbourhood it most enjoys, so that in this way we may fashion, as it were, a paradise of ideas: this is the only true system. Paradise was the ideal of the earth; and the question, where it lies, is not without its meaning. It is as it were spread abroad over the whole earth; and therefore it is so difficult to recognise it. Its scattered limbs are to be re-united, its skeleton to be completed anew: this will be the regeneration of paradise.

We seek after the plan of the world; we are ourselves that plan.

Whatever strikes a man who is educating himself, as most difficult, is the very thing on which he ought to try his powers, until he is able to lift and move it with ease and dexterity: thus he will grow fond of it; for we are always fond of a thing when it has cost us trouble to gain it.

One must never confess to oneself, that one loves oneself. The veiling this confession in secrecy is the vital means for preserving this love true and everlasting. The first kiss in this spiritual intercourse is the first principle of philosophy, the origin of a new world, the consummation of an internal union to the growth of which there is no end. Who can help deriving pleasure from philosophy, when its germ is a first kiss?

The higher philosophy treats of the marriage between nature and spirit.

Idealism is nothing but true empiricism.

POETRY.

It is a weary hill
Of moving sand, that still
Shifts, struggle as we will,
Beneath our tread.
Of those who went before,
And track'd the desert o'er,
The foot-marks are no more,
But gone and fled.

We stray to either side,
We wander far and wide,
We fall to sleep, and slide
Down far again.

As through the sands we wade,
We do not seek to aid
Our fellows; but upbraid
Each others' pains.

I gaze on that bright band
Who on the summit stand
To measure and command
The space on high;
And, with despairing pace,
My way I could retrace,
Or, on this desert place,
Sink down and die.

As we who toil and weep,
And in our vigil sleep
The path o'er which we creep,
They had not striven.

They must have taken flight
To that serene height,
And won it by the might
Of wings from Heaven!

Alack! I have no wing,
My spirit wants that spring,
And Nature will not bring
Her help to me:
From her I have no aid,—
Her light-enwoven shade,
Her streams and stars upbraided
My misery.

SONG.

To cliff and peak the falcon flies,
The eagle sleeps in stormy skies,
On icy rocks the vulture dwells,
The blackbird pipes in woodland dells,—
But Love, the flutterer of the breast,
Can it find on the earth a home of rest?

No falcon mounts on wilder wings,
No gurgling thrush so sweetly sings;
'Tis now the soft and shiny dove,
And now the thundering bird of Jove;
And, chained and caged, its pinions droop,
As a hawk's that no longer can soar or swoop.

BRANDANE.

THE LAST SONG.

GONDOLIER, from thy roaming desist,
A while let thine anchor be thrown,
Seek not other shores, but, oh list
To echoes that wake on thine own.
Thy voyage, Gondolier, hath begun,
And bright beams its course on thy view,
So mine own glittered once,—but 'tis run,
And Death gathers round me—Adieu!

Yet I too once danced on a wave
As pure and as tranquil as thine,
And the birds and the blossoms ne'er gave
A welcome more joyous than mine.
But I wandered, like thee, from repose,
I sailed, fairer prospects to view,
And storms from their slumber arose,
And Death gathered round me—Adieu!

W. H.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

A VILLAGE CHARACTER.—CHAP. VI.

(Continued from page 190.)

I SHOULD have been able to record many more visits, all undertaken with the same benevolent anxiety as those already related, to conquer Mr. M'Kinnon's obstinacy, and rescue his little daughter from her impending fate, had it not been for a circumstance which I wish, for the honour of Melcove, I could suppress all mention of. One of the fair confederates (I have promised that her name shall not transpire) proved a deserter to the general cause, and divulged the whole plot to M'Kinnon. She accompanied the traitorous communication with a recommendation either to leave the village till the storm should be blown over and the new governess fairly installed in her functions, or to barricade his door against all intruders.

This dishonourable occurrence took place the very day which was signalled by the calls of Mrs. Baddersly and Mrs. Mordaunt; and the only additional visit with which Mr. M'Kinnon was honoured, was one from Mrs. Holland, the wife of a neighbouring yeatundinarian. She brought with her, two puny, shrivelled daughters, each of them endued with one of those pale countenances which not even the poet's intercession can persuade us to call fair, and argued for two mortal hours in favour of her own and her husband's excellent schemes for averting complaints in the spine, liver, lungs, &c., mentioning innumerable instances of young ladies who had almost perished from their mothers not watching the first indications of their fearful disorders, and appealing con-

stantly, for the success of her own experiments, to the corpse-like figures beside her.

Somewhat tired of all his lectures, and considerably sickened by this last, he heard with a dismay resembling that which Bishop Hatto must have felt when the approach of the retributive army of rats was announced, that a new detachment of the enemy was marching against him. Circumstances made it impossible for him to leave Melcove, and he knew the disposition of its inhabitants too well to believe that with such an object in view they would be deterred by any plea on his part of business from invading his sanctuary. In this extremity, my duty as a faithful biographer compels me to state the fact. He fell into a temptation to which he had never before yielded, gulped his moral scruples, and ordered his footman to return the fashionable answer to all inquirers. For some days the callers gazed with astonishment and awe at the servant, as he uttered the lie with that smiling visage and pursed lip which indicate the satisfaction of a country footman at being promoted to the performance of a duty for the first time, which a city footman performs by nature. But Miss Stemwith was not to be so denied: she was one of those ladies who, by wearing cropped hair, stiff collars, and boots, by being always on horseback and speaking loud, get the universal reputation in country villages of being characters, and are always spoken of by their kind neighbours, as very clever women, but so odd! though, where the character resides, except in the crupper, or what cleverness they have subtracted from the oddity, their panegyrists might find it difficult to explain.

'Is your master at home?'

'No, Ma'am.'

'Thomas! do not lie: your master is at home; you need not show me to the study, I know my way perfectly.—Aye, M'Kinnon, my dear fellow, how are you? So you had yourself denied to me; but, my dear friend, I know your hiding-place.'

'It certainly was my fault that I was denied to the world; my misfortune, that I was denied to Miss Stemwith,' said Mr. M'Kinnon.

'Ha! ha! very pretty, very flattering, indeed. Why, M'Kinnon, you have improved vastly since I took you in hand; a little stiff in your galantry still. Something of the old leaven still about you; but this will wear off when you have lived a few years longer. So, you are writing your Sunday sermon, on the duty of speaking the truth, I suppose; apropos, of some verse in Ezekiah—'

'You mean Ezekiel, I presume, Miss Stemwith?'

'Oh yes, very likely; but don't interrupt me, because I was going to remark what strict moralists you parsons are, who make your servants tell lies that you may have time to finish sermons about truth!'

'Why, Miss Stemwith,' said Mr. M'Kinnon, clearing his throat, 'it must be confessed, strictly considered, that even the understood, and therefore only partially deceptive, falsehood of not at home, falls within the range of prohibited offences; but seeing—'

'Oh yes, seeing it is convenient, it is quite proper. I agree with you entirely, only I really have not time just now to hear the first head of your sermon. I always hear sermons with most advantage in my own pew at church. By the by, how awfully cold the church is! One death, at least, I have known to have taken place in the parish, in consequence of the deceased performing her religious duties too strictly.'

'A death!' exclaimed M'Kinnon; 'I will have hot air introduced immediately. But who can have died from such a cause?'

'The story is a melancholy one. Poor creature! she had only been confined the week before, and eight little creatures are left to lament her loss.'

'Only a week after her confinement; and she

came to church! What imprudence, yet what piety! My dear Miss Stemwith, who was it? She must have been a friend of—'

'A very intimate one. I have often heard you speak to her, and once very lately—the recollection will be painful, but yet salutary to you—rather more harshly than is usual to you. Your remark was thought to have preyed very much on the poor thing's spirit.'

'Impossible! I cannot have done so, I have not done so—it is barbarous to talk in this way. If I have, I will do all I can to redeem my offence by providing for the motherless children.'

'Four of them, alas! are already provided for. The case must be investigated by the coroner; but there are strong suspicions in the village that they met their death by foul means.'

'And you expect me to believe that this has happened in my parish, in the village of Melcove, from attendance at church!'

'It is true, upon my honour as a lady: The very last Sunday, from a cold caught in your church, died Mrs. Shakleton's—'

'Mrs. Shakleton! It is true, I did address her with some severity a few days back about her treatment of a poor little girl in her service. Oh! I shall never forgive myself, and she was good enough to come to church in those dangerous circumstances to hear me.'

Miss Stemwith burst into an outrageous fit of laughter. 'Oh! my dear M'Kinnon, you are too much for my nerves, you will positively put an end to my miserable existence. For mercy's sake, ring the bell for Thomas to carry me out—Mrs. Shakleton confined last week! Why, the woman was seventy-five three birth-days ago. I said Mrs. Shakleton's pug,' and Miss Stemwith fell back in her chair again convulsed. 'However, to quit this painful subject and enter upon another scarcely less painful to me, what is the name of this new animal that you are importing into our hemisphere?'

'You mean the name of my daughter's governess.'

'To be sure I do! What is one to pay for seeing her? Could I get an early peep by an extra half-crown? But seriously, Mr. M'Kinnon, am I to lose all hopes of promotion in consequence of the change in your plans?'

'Oh! by no means, Miss Stemwith: Miss Corrie does not undertake to educate Ellen in stable accomplishments. The post of instructress in that department of my household is still vacant, and by whom could it be filled more advantageously than by Miss—'

'Oh, my dear Mrs. George!—addressing the advanced guard of a detachment which had defiled round the back-garden of the parsonage, and had already been reconnoitring Mr. M'Kinnon and his guest through the study windows—'

'How are you, Mrs. George? and Emily too, and my little friend the Colonel! Well, how many of you are coming. The three Misses Millstones, and Augusta Courtenay; and therefore, of course, the honourable Francis—no, I declare it is Frederick Rivers. If there are many more behind, I shall give up counting.'

'You see we are besieging you in form,' said Mrs. George; 'what do you think of our insolence in surprising you and Miss Stemwith in a tête-à-tête?'

'Why,' said Miss Stemwith, not allowing the Rector to reply, 'I am bound in candour to say, that your intention was most exceedingly unreasonable. M'Kinnon was, at the time we caught a glimpse of you, making me a deeply interesting proposal. When we saw you entering, delicacy prevented me from listening any longer to the flattering tale.'

'My dear Miss Stemwith,' exclaimed M'Kinnon, how—'

'I protest, indeed, I cannot let you make your declaration before all this large company. I

should not have alluded to the circumstance at all, except that it was quite in vain to conceal any thing from our friends who must have observed the singularity of my being admitted into your presence-chamber when all the rest of the world were excluded. So I have made a virtue of necessity, and confessed the whole. Don't look so jealous, Julia Courtenay. It is not my fault that I am preferred to the rest of my sex.

'Why, you must be aware, Miss Stemwith,' said the lady addressed, that, when such a beau as Mr. M'Kinnon is snatched away so unexpectedly, it must be a severe blow to us all.'

'Unexpectedly, my dear! Gracious Powers! how blind womankind are! Why, had you never observed the looks of intelligence passing between us as I sat in my pew and he was in the reading-desk? and did not you hear that we had arranged to meet each other by accident in the cottages, where our benevolent hearts, pouring their generous sentiments upon a common object, naturally drew nearer to each other? and did you not see me blush the other day—'

'Oh, no, indeed I have not,' said Julia, laughing. 'nor ever since I had the good fortune to know you.'

'No, really,' said Mr. Frederick Rivers, 'a friend of Miss Stemwith's would never say she was guilty of that. I am afraid that that last remark must throw some doubt upon the rest of the narrative.'

'There's my little pet Rivers—he has a right to complain of his old flame even feigning an attachment to any other object, after the tender vows that have been exchanged between us. Pray, Sir, why have you not called upon me since you came into this neighbourhood?'

'Really, Miss Stemwith, I have been only here two days, and my regiment—'

'O yes, of course, your regiment; but I did not mean to draw upon myself and this worshipful company the horrors of a long apology, with the inconvenience of causing you to invent a great many naughty stories; and, moreover, I have not yet found time to tell M'Kinnon the real purpose of my calling upon him.'

'I shall be rejoiced to hear it, Miss Stemwith,' said the Rector.

'Well, then; I must inform you I did not come here to amuse; but to instruct you. I hear that most of the ladies of this celebrated village of Melcove have been pouring in upon you their experience about the best way of making little children into women, and that they have all converted you, (see what a character you have got, old gentleman!) and, consequently, that you are going to have fifty-two governesses, each from a separate county, because one lady tells you that the Gloucestershire women have such a talent for bringing children on, and another that Yorkshire is the only place where you can get a person who will properly educate your daughter in good faith and the niceties of English pronunciation; and a third, that Ellen will positively turn out a vixen, if you do not fetch her an instructress from the principality; that, after that, she is to try the schools all round; and last—and you must not be offended if I say worst of all—you mean to take her into your own hands, to see if you cannot spoil her as well as any of them.'

'Miss Stemwith, are you speaking extempore?' rejoined Colonel George.

'No, Colonel; I hold in my hand the notes of the speech you ought to have made at the mess-dinner the other day.'

'What speech, Miss Stemwith?'

'Why, the paper says, Colonel George was then drunk, but he did not return thanks. But I dare say he returned thanks the next morning for being drunk; for, had he been sober and attempted a speech, he would have made a melancholy business of it. However, I will let you alone if you do not interrupt me. What was

I talking about? All the ladies who have called upon you hitherto to give you lessons, have brought their daughters with them, have they not?'

M'Kinnon nodded assent.

'Now it so happens that I have no daughter; and, consequently, the only instance to which I can appeal for the efficacy of my system of instruction, is to my highly respected self. You all know me; and, though you all abuse me and say that I am singular and outlandish, and affect oddities, and though I now and then offend all of you a little, I know that in your hearts you all like me. I am quite certain that you all feel that I am the Corinthian capitol of Melcove society. You cannot do without me: I know that if I were to quit Melcove it would be blotted out of the map of Europe. Well, such as I am, such have I been made by the education I recommend to your adoption. My father was a humourist and a system-monger. He was continually reading, and every new book converted him to the faith which it preached. This lasted about a week, and always gave way to one exactly opposite to that he had abandoned. By the by, is it not a pity, M'Kinnon, that gentlemen cannot give their cast-off theories to their grooms along with their coats, instead of throwing them away to be of no use to any one? You may easily guess what was made of poor me. I was the little wretch on whom all my father's experiments were to be tried; the clothes-horse on which all his moist speculations were hung to dry. One day, it was a mighty original notion to teach me Latin; the next, that was useless, and chemistry was the only subject worth a woman's attention. Now he took it in his head I was to be accomplished; two months after, my harp and piano were put up to auction. He was quite convinced on Monday, that I ought never to be seen in a party; on Thursday, he made up his mind that society was the element in which a woman should exist. Things went on in this way till I was twelve years old; about that time, my father and I made the discovery, or rather, I believe, my precocious talent a little anticipated him in it, that there was, after all, a much better plan than any which he had yet thought of—that was, to give me no education at all. From that time, my system became steady and consistent. I went where I pleased, said what I pleased, did what I pleased. Nobody thought me any thing, but I learned a great deal; I learned what very great fools men and women are; how very easy it is, only by showing that you have a proper sense of your own worth, to make every body else acknowledge it too; and how easily one may get pardoned for any breach of decorum, provided one only makes it a rule to be constantly committing them. I do not want friends, witness this respectable company; but, if they all deserted me, I could do very well, whilst my best friend, my Adolph, is spared to me, which reminds me that I have kept that dear friend waiting a considerable time; therefore, ladies and gentlemen, good morning. Like Sir Peter, I leave my character behind me; you may use it as roughly as you like; and Mr. M'Kinnon, if you desire that the mantle of Annette Stemwith, when she is too old to wear it, should descend upon the shoulders of Ellen, I have told you how you may accomplish your work.'

'The conversation, after Miss Stemwith's departure, related, of course, chiefly to that lady, except that Julia Courtenay wished very much to know whether the governess came from a respectable family in reduced circumstances, or whether she was a governess born; and that Amelia Mills earnestly hoped she would not have red hair, as she had known an instance amongst her own acquaintances of a little girl's own tresses acquiring that tint from association with a person in that unfortunate case. I am not aware that any remarks were made which intimately affected the interests of the little person whom I propose shortly to present to my readers as my acknow-

ledged heroine. That very night, the long expected governess arrived, bringing with her a letter from Mrs. St. Clair, the sister of M'Kinnon, which I shall insert, because I think it a shorter method of presenting Miss Corrie to my readers, than by a personal introduction.

'MY DEAR BROTHER.—The lady whom I mentioned to you in my last letter will be the bearer of this. If one-fourth of the qualifications are really found in her which the person from whom I first heard of her assures me that she possesses, I am perfectly certain you will applaud my choice. She is, I am informed, deeply acquainted with the female character, and has minutely studied the motives by which women in general, and children in particular, are likely to be actuated. She sees the necessity of children being employed, as she knows, when idle, they are always liable to evil impressions; and she will spare no pains in introducing every kind of knowledge into the young mind. She entertains a due sense of the decorum, and propriety, and deference, to the opinion of the world, which it is so necessary to inculcate in the time of youth, and I am happy to add, in answer to an inquiry in your last letter, that she is strictly orthodox, and never omits to instruct her pupils in the principles of our religion. She is a woman of experience, and acquainted with the temptations to which our sex are liable, and, therefore, is eminently calculated to be the guide of a young lady at that period of her life when she has reached the dangerous pass between infancy and womanhood. She is accomplished, but does not value herself nearly so much on this secondary excellence, as upon the possession of those useful qualities which become most when accomplishments begin to sink in our esteem; and she will teach her pupil to consider her accomplishments rather as a means than an end. She will bestow her principal attention, at first, upon her pupil's memory, because she is aware how dangerous and how cruel it is to task the reason before it has acquired any strength or consistency. Finally, she has a fine poetical mind; you know how I value that distinction. In the few conversations I have had with her, I soon discovered that our sentiments on this subject were perfectly congenial, and that she sympathised most deeply in my admiration of the beautiful simplicity of Hayley, the exquisite tenderness of Della Crusca, and the delightful fragrance of the Botanic Garden. But I have no occasion to enlarge; I shall conclude, therefore, with hoping that your experience, and that of your daughter, will confirm all the pleasing expectations I have formed of Miss Corrie.—Believe me, my dear brother,' &c.

CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE REFUGEES.

THE Concert given on Thursday last, in Guildhall, for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees, met with the greatest success. Upwards of 2,000 tickets are said to have been distributed, and the benevolent individuals by whom the Concert was projected, will have the gratification of redeeming from destitution many a friendless and despairing exile.

This interesting performance was under the very able direction of Sir George Smart. The first act consisted of sacred music from the works of Handel, Mozart, &c., performed by English singers; and the second chiefly of modern Italian music of Rossini, &c., sung by the principal vocalists of the King's Theatre, an excellent arrangement, by which much interest, novelty, and variety, was most successfully exhibited. No less than twenty-four pieces were performed, of which the following is a brief sketch.

No. 1.—Handel's grand chorus in the Coronation Anthem, 'The King shall rejoice,' only a part of this was selected, which was judicious, it being rather a heavy piece.

No. 2.—Scena, Mr. E. Taylor. 'The fall of Zion,' from Paisiello. Mr. E. Taylor deserves and obtains much credit for his adaptation of old religious music to English words, and thus adding something like novelty to the stock of Oratorio music; but the perfor-

mance now noticed was rather sombre, dull, and uninteresting, especially as a composition.

No. 3.—Air, Miss Wilkinson, 'Lord! to thee,' from Handel's Theodora. This lady would have performed much to our satisfaction, (and that of her experienced auditors,) had she sung this chastely and without additions and interpolations, as Bartleman used to do; besides that, she spoiled the effect of the allegro, and distressed the orchestra in the accompaniment, through an evident affectation in breaking the time. Music is now so much better understood and valued than formerly, that singers are not expected to take the liberty they were accustomed to do in that respect. She made her shake also upon the wrong note, a practice, we understand, she is unfortunately in the habit of.

No. 4.—Beethoven's grand chorus, 'Hallelujah to the Father,' from the Mount of Olives. This magnificent composition went beautifully, excepting that the choristers hurried a little in leading the fugue.

No. 5.—Air, Mr. Phillips, 'Honour and Arms,' from Handel's Oratorio of Samson, also extremely well performed and much applauded.

No. 6.—Recit. and Air, Miss Paton, 'If guiltless blood,' from Handel's Susanna. This lady was received with considerable acclamation, and her performance was very chaste and correct.

No. 7.—Rex tremende majestatis! Mozart's sublime chorus in G minor from his Requiem, followed by the

No. 8.—Recordare, sung by Mrs. W. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Horncastle, and E. Taylor. This beautiful quartet was led off by the clarionets and violincellos in a delightful manner, and was altogether well exhibited, excepting only a fatal E flat instead of E natural, sung in a tenor solo by Horncastle, at the words 'Et latro nem exaudiet!' trifling as this may appear in description, it had a remarkably blighting effect at the instant of performance.

No. 9.—Scene, Mr. Braham, 'The Battle of the Angels,' composed by Bishop. In the introductory recitative, Mr. Braham sang a little out of tune, but recovered his pitch in the song, which is a clever composition, apparently written to suit Braham's voice and peculiarities of singing; for example, Bishop has afforded him a striking opportunity of exhibiting his highest A natural, in a loud and striking manner, exactly as he does in Handel's recitative, 'Deeper and deeper still,' at the word 'madness.' The last movement is quite 'à la Rossini,' as to mannerism and accompaniment, with an episode in slower time, much resembling Dr. Clarke's song 'Marmion.' But the whole piece went off extremely successfully, excepting only the ranting, roaring cadence, with which Braham has concluded his songs a thousand times, and always in the worst possible taste; 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.'

No. 10.—Air, Mrs. W. Knyvett, 'What though I trace,' from Handel's Solomon,—a perfect, chaste, and excellent performance.

No. 11.—Trio, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett and Horncastle. 'The Lord will comfort Zion,' and Chorus, 'O sing unto Jehovah,' introduced by Mr. Gardiner in the Oratorio of Judah, and adapted by him from the compositions of Haydn. There was nothing very striking in this exhibition, either to condemn or approve; it was rather common-place.

No. 12.—Recit. and Air, Miss Paton, 'From mighty Kings,' from Handel's Judas Maccabæus. All the brilliancy, gaiety, and charming effect formerly produced by Mrs. Salmon, in this song, (her special *chef-d'œuvre*), would have been successfully imitated by Miss Paton, had it not all evaporated in her transposing it from its proper key A natural, into A flat! How her Ladyship could have been so ill advised, or rather that she was not advised to the contrary, we wonder at, and lament!

No. 13.—Handel's grand double chorus, 'From the center,' out of his Oratorio of Solomon, concluded the act; and, perhaps, his 'Hallelujah' or Hailstone chorus, would have appeared better for a finale.

The morning lowers, and heavily in clouds
Brings on the day, the great, the auspicious day,
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome!

These lines were applicable to the early morning of Thursday last: not only so, but even a heavy snow-storm be-wintered London in the most gloomy manner; however, at noon, the glorious sun shone brightly out, and was doubly welcome and delightful by the force of contrast. Typically of this, so did Weber's romantic, delicious, and original overture to Eurydice, No. 14, shine brightly out, as a commencement to the second

act, forming a striking contrast of modern composition, to the heaviness of the ancient, exhibited in the first part of our concert.

No. 15.—Horley's exhilarating glee, 'See the Charriot at hand' carried on the effect; and the performance being wholly vocal, produced a delightful variety after the full overture. It was well performed by the Knyvetts, Horncastle, and Phillips, and reminded us of the old glee-singing days of Bartleman's concerts, when that sort of minstrelsy was carried to an extent in all concerts that became rapid, insipid, and tiresome; on the contrary, this single specimen was quite in good taste, and showed the hand of him who put together the performance in so judicious a manner.

No. 16.—Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, 'Il soave e bel contento,' from Pacini's 'Didone Abbandonata.' This, our favourite vocalist, ushered in the Italian school, and she sang as delightfully and perfect as usual. The accompaniments were beautifully executed also, by Nicholson (Bute), Willmann (clarinet), Mackintosh (bassoon); and when we unfortunately lose these excellent professors, with Lindley and Dragonetti, we may never expect to 'look upon their like again,' at least not collectively.

No. 17.—Aria, Signor Donzelli, 'Ah! si per voi,' from Rossini's Otello. This is the song he sang at the first Philharmonic Concert, (see 'Athenæum,' No. 71, page 140), and all therein stated may be applied upon the present occasion.

No. 18.—Aria, Madame Pisaroni, 'Elena' from 'La Donna del Lago.' The transposition of this song from E natural to E flat, considerably deteriorated the effect; but Pisaroni exhibited the counter tenor part of her voice to advantage; her graces and cadences are appropriate, well imagined and well executed; but her general performance is more clever than interesting.

No. 19.—Spanish National Air, Mr. Braham, written expressly for the occasion, arranged by Gomis. Of this, the less said perhaps the better, as a musical work.

No. 20.—Aria, Madame Camporese, 'Parto, ma tu ben mio,' from Mozart's 'La Clemenza di Tito.' This was the first appearance of Madame Camporese since her return to England, and her reception was flattering in the extreme: the plaudits were long, loud, and enthusiastic, and particularly so from that quarter likely to be most gratifying; namely, the Orchestra. All the leading professors who for so many years witnessed and assisted her successful performances at the King's Theatre and elsewhere, were anxious to pay a tribute not only to her worth, as an excellent and delightful vocalist, but to her lady-like behaviour, urbanity, and uniform good conduct. It may be needless to say that the particular piece was quite perfectly performed, that it is one of Mozart's most delightful songs, that Willmann's clarinet accompaniment was as usual unrivalled, and that, in fact, Camporese and Willmann were the very couple Mozart could have desired to do justice to his elegant and graceful composition.

No. 21.—Terzetto, Madame De Vigo, Miss Wilkinson, and Signor Donzelli, 'Cruda sorte,' from Rossini's 'Ricciardo e Zoraide.' This magnificent and beautiful specimen of Italian modern music would have been more successful had the vocalists understood each other better: they all showed high blood, but did not go well together in harness.

No. 22.—Aria, Mademoiselle Blasis, 'Bel raggio' from 'Semiramide,' a very successful and good performance; but it created no particular sensation, nor attracted much notice, from its similarity of character to the many other productions of Rossini's that had preceded it.

After this, the following performance was promised in the programme, viz. Spanish song, Madame De Vigo, 'El Bajelito,' to be accompanied on the harp by Mr. G. Holst, composed by Garcia. There was poor Madame De Vigo, there was the manager, Sir G. Smart, there was the expecting audience, there were the stewards with their wands, and there was the harp, but there was not any harp player! The reason of this great man's absence remains unexplained; and we trust he will not be suffered soon again to trifle with his engagement in a similar manner.

The Conductor is so clever a man of business, and the whole concert from its regularity and exactness so fully evinced it, that it was a pity any circumstance should have blotted it. However, most probably the omission was no loss, and Mr. G. Holst has by this time very likely heard of the affair in no measured terms.

No. 23.—Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Madame Pisaroni, 'Lasciami! non l'ascolto' from Rossi-

ni's 'Tancredi.' This did not go quite well: Pisaroni sang a little too flat frequently; and the piece would have been better if performed by male and female voices, instead of two so similar to each other.

No. 24.—Finale, Grand Chorus 'Discendi, O benefica,' from Mozart's 'Zauberflöte.' This concluded one of the very best concerts perhaps ever witnessed, exhibiting more variety of vocal ability, choice of subjects, and excellence of instrumental talent, than can frequently be amalgamated.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We have often put to ourselves the question whether Mr. Martin's works will be objects of request in after-times; and, although on this point we entertain just as much doubt (and no more) as the mere arising of the interrogation implies, the answer has constantly been in the affirmative. We conclude, then, that the fame of Mr. Martin will survive the generation which runs with gaping wonder to gaze at his singular productions. If they do so survive, however, they will be sought after as extraordinary and eccentric performances, and as specimens less of excellence in the arts than of successful efforts at curious and peculiar effects,—as works of partial, not of general, merit. No man, probably, of cultivated taste will wholly approve them, or recommend them as models for imitation; yet neither, in candour, will he be able to withhold from them the degree of admiration ever yielded to performances which it lies within the power of only one man to conceive and execute. Mr. Martin, in his way, will, therefore, stand long, if not for ever, single. His manner is peculiarly his own: he need fear no rivals in his own age; no followers in subsequent times. None but men of considerable talents could attempt, with any chance of success, to tread in the path which he has traced; and, if a man above the standard of mediocrity make the effort, he will throw in a character and style of his own, which will establish a difference between his productions and those which suggested them. We desire no better proof of this than some of the works of Mr. Danby, and the new attempt of Mr. Roberts. Mr. Martin and Mr. Danby, rumour says, but with what truth we know not, entertain reciprocal jealousy; and tax each other with plagiarism. They may spare themselves the pain of any such unworthy feelings; for even in the certain character of sublimity, which is the point at which their mutual approach is nearest, the difference in the manner of the two artists is so discernible, that to none but themselves do they appear within reach of each other.

Mr. Roberts, in the new character in which he presents himself in the exhibition which we are about to notice, stands in a similar predicament with regard to Mr. Martin. It is impossible to view the large masses of architecture, the myriads of living beings which form the principal features of 'The Departure of the Israelites out of the Land of Egypt,' No. 7, without perceiving and acknowledging that the composition partakes in a degree of the character of Mr. Martin's works; and for the idea, we confess we think Mr. Roberts must be considered as indebted to Mr. Martin; but the resemblance, however, goes no further; the absence of the peculiar effect resulting from Mr. Martin's compositions is instantly perceived—no such effect, in short, appears to have been aimed at by Mr. Roberts, and therefore we are not obliged to view, in his new work, a proof of aspiration after rivalry with his brother artist: if he have so aspired, he must be pronounced to have failed in some respects, whatever may be his superiority in others. The principal merit of Mr. Roberts's picture consists in bold and accurate delineation, and in admirable effect of aerial perspective. Viewed in any other light than as a specimen of scene-painting, it sins extravagantly against most important laws of art, viz. propriety and truth. What signifies all this

crowding together of palaces and pyramids, except to expose a determination to produce an overpowering effect? Mr. Roberts might have displayed his learning, and heightened the effect of his picture, had he given to his temples and palaces more of the variety of colour with which it was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to enrich the members of their edifices.

From Mr. Roberts we turn to Mr. Stanfield, whose principal production in this exhibition is a large landscape, 'Erle Stoke Park, near Devizes, the seat of G. Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P.,' No. 188. This is a very attractive and pleasing picture. The gleam of sunshine on the distant prospect, illuminating the rich plain of the vale, from over which the thunder cloud is just retiring, and more feebly but with very happy effect, the whole line of hills which bound the view, is very skilfully managed. The composition of the foreground is less deserving of praise. 'The Coast Scene,' No. 36, by Mr. Stanfield, although a picture of smaller dimensions, displays no less ability than the work we have before mentioned. It is a very clever painting, and full of effect.

Before quitting the works of Mr. Stanfield, we may again place him and Mr. Roberts in juxtaposition, by drawing attention to two delightful little pictures in the water-colour room, both painted from sketches by Captain Grindlay, the one 'Interior of the Cave Temple of India Subba at Ellora,' by Mr. Roberts, (No. 614,) the other 'Scene in Kattiawar,' by Mr. Stanfield, (No. 624.) Both are charming and masterly productions.

Mr. Glover, on this as on former occasions, has more pictures in the Gallery than any other exhibitor. Most of his works have, as usual, the peculiar character of the artist, which smacks too much of manner to be pleasing: others, while they possess the same fault, display, moreover, an attempt at particular effects which pall the taste by too frequent recurrence: at first, they keep the mind suspended between applause and disapprobation, so barely do they overstep the truth of nature on the one hand; yet, on the other, so much have they of palpable artifice, and so nearly do they border on affectation:—their repetition decidedly offends. The large picture 'Daphnis and Chloe in an Italian landscape, with the Palace of the Casars, &c.,' No. 43, is less stamped than some of Mr. Glover's productions with the impression of his peculiarities; but he seems to have had Claude in view in the composition of this landscape, and to have succeeded in calling to mind the works of that inimitable master just sufficiently to suggest a comparison unfavourable to his own attempt.

'Borrowdale, Cumberland,' T. C. Holland, No. 32, is another large landscape, representing, with close attention to nature, a beautiful and well-selected scene; yet, from a certain tameness and want of energy, it forms by no means so agreeable a picture as the subject seems capable of having been made.

The works of Mr. J. Wilson, on the contrary, abound in the quality wanting in the performance just noticed; they are full of spirit and effect. The 'View on the Flemish Coast, near Ostend,' No. 94, and 'Crickeith Castle, North Wales,' No. 198, are very clever and highly attractive paintings.

Mr. R. B. Davis's animal pieces are all excellent; his various portraits of horses are perfectly drawn, and both in form and expression have great character and spirit; but the most successful performance of this artist is No. 113, 'Fox-hounds, just found, and getting together.' We are at a loss which to admire most, the autumnal tint, and the falling leaves of the season far advanced towards winter, or the animation of the hounds: as they come tumbling over the bank, they appear actually in life and motion. The ease and freedom with which the effects, in both cases, are obtained, are admirable.

Of the 'Heron alarmed,' No. 237, it is not too much to say, that this picture places Mr. Lane, as a painter of birds, in a rank with Mr. Edwin Landseer, in his animal pieces.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTGOMERY GALLERY.

AN exhibition under this startling title is now open at 209, Regent-street. It contains ten pictures painted by Mr. J. Rawson Walker, from the poem 'The World before the Flood,' of Mr. James Montgomery. The subjects chosen for illustration are the following: 'The Mount of Paradise;' 'Zillah's Bower;' 'The Patriarch's Glen;' 'An Earthquake at Sunset;' 'The Patriarch's Sacrifice;' 'Twilight;' 'The Tomb of Abel;' 'Conflagration by Moonlight;' 'The Prelude to the Deluge;' 'The Deluge.' The aim of the artist in the treatment of these subjects seems to have been to follow his text to the letter, where so to do was compatible with the art he professed; and to produce very elaborately finished paintings in a popular style. He may be pronounced to have succeeded, although in one instance, in which he has found it necessary to deviate from the original, the poetry of the idea has too evidently suffered by the change. The indulgently inclined will make due allowances, and admit the consideration of the acknowledged difficulty of representing the sublime imaginings of the poet's mind in an embodied form to the senses, in instances such as in the Deluge, where he finds that the painter has failed to depict faithfully the 'Sun veiling his face in sackcloth.'

We are not in the secret of these illustrations or of the exhibition. It is certainly an anomalous case. If the pictures be painted by the artist on his own account, and from an impulse of enthusiasm for the works of Mr. James Montgomery, he is a most courageous speculator, and richly deserves encouragement for his spirit: if they be executed by commission from the poet himself, or his publisher, as ornaments for a new edition of 'The World before the Flood,' we sincerely congratulate Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Taylor, and the bookseller.

REIGNING PRINCES OF ASIA, 1828.

TURKISH EMPIRE.—Sultan Mahmoud II., the son of Sultan Abdul Hamed, born the 20th July, 1785; mounted the Ottoman throne upon the deposition of his brother, Mustapha IV., on the 28th July, 1808.

Egypt.—Mohammed-Ali, born at Cavala, in Rumeilia, in 1769. (A.H. 1182.); a son of Ibrahim Aga; made a Pasha on the 14th May, 1805, in the room of Chorsid Pasha; confirmed by Sultan Selim III., on the 1st of August, 1806.

Bagdad.—Daud Pasha.

Moldavia.—John Sturza, a Moldavian Boyar, appointed Hospodar on the 16th July, 1822, and proclaimed at Jassy on the 21st of the same month.

Wallachia.—Gregory Ghika, appointed Hospodar on the 16th July, 1822, and introduced by the Pasha of Silistria on the 21st of September of the same year.

VASSALS OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—**Tripoli.**—Jussuf-Bey, appointed 1795.

Tunis.—Sidi-Hassan Bey, succeeded Hamuda Bey the 23d March, 1824.

Algiers.—Hussein, the son of Hassan, formerly Minister of the Interior; on the 1st March, 1818, he succeeded Dei Ali, who died of the plague. He is about fifty-four years of age.

Mecca.—Yahya, Sheriff, the son of Surur; on the 2d November, 1813, he replaced his uncle, Ghaleb, who had been deposed by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and died at Salonica in 1818.

Yemen.—..... Imaum, in 1815, succeeded Tamy, the chief of the tribe of Aser, who was taken prisoner by Hassan, an Arab, son of Calied, who was an ally of Mohammed Ali.

Sennar.—Bady VII., the son of Tabl, the nine-and-twentieth king of the dynasty of the Funjis, a tribe from the interior of Africa, which settled at Sennar towards the close of the fifteenth century. In June,

1821, Ismael, a son of the Pasha of Egypt, compelled him to recognise Sultan Mahmoud as his sovereign.

EMPIRE OF MOROCCO.—*Muley-Abd-er-Rahman*, Sultan, succeeded his father, Muley Solyman, the 28th November, 1822.

KINGDOM OF ARYSSINIA.—*Issa Gharia*, of the Solyman dynasty, who have occupied the throne in uninterrupted succession from the year 1268. He resides at Gondak; the real power, however, is monopolized by the independent chiefs, Ras Weled Selaassy, Ras Gabri, Guxar, Ras Illao, Libban, and Goga.

MUSCAT.—*Seyud Said*, Imaum, succeeded his father, Seyud Sultan, about the year 1801. He is the third descendant of Achmed, son of Said, the founder of this state.

PERSIA.—*Feti Ali Shah*, of the Turkish race of the Cadjars; before his accession, his name was Baba Chan; he is a son of Hussein Kuli Chan; was born in 1768; and succeeded his uncle, Aga Mohammed Chan, in 1796. Presumptive heir, Abbas Mirza, born in the year 1785.

AFGHANISTAN.—The reigning family derives from Ahmed Shah Abdali, a branch of the Saducis. The present king's title is Shah Duri Duran. After the death of Timour Chan, on the 20th May, 1793, his sons contested the succession, and ultimately divided the kingdom amongst themselves. In 1826, Yar Mohammed, Chan of Pishaner, and Purdil, Chan of Kandahar, expelled their brother Dost Mohammed Chan, who reigned in Cabul.

BILUDSHISTAN.—*Mahammed Chan*, about forty-six years of age, succeeded his father, Nasser Chan, in June, 1795.

BALCH.—Was subjugated in the year 1825, by *Mihr Murad Bey*, who drove out Nedjeb Ullah Chan, the governor appointed by the King of Cabul.

BOKHARA.—The great Chan of Bokhara and Samarcand, *Bathkar Chan*, succeeded his father, Mihr Hyder Chan, in 1826. The interregnum of his brother, Mihr Hussein, did not last more than four months. Seyud Atalik Bey, father-in-law of Mihr Hyder, is Governor of Hissar.

BADAKSHAN.—*Mirza Abdul Ghasul*, son of Mohammed Shah, resides at Foezabad, a town which must not be confounded with Badakshan, which lies to the north of it.

CHARASM.—*Rahman Kuli Chan* succeeded his father, Mohammed Rahim Chan, in 1826. The title of these sovereigns, who are descendants of the Usbegs, is 'Tuksir Chan.' Their residence is at Chiwa.

CHINA.—The name of the reigning family of the Mantshus is *Ta-ting*, 'Purer of the Pure.' Even in China the actual name of the present Emperor is unknown; he is the second son of his predecessor, who died in 1820. The title of honour peculiar to the government of the existing sovereign is *Tsu-Kwang*, or 'Splendour of the Understanding.'

JAPAN.—The Cobo, or Emperor, began his reign in 1804. His name is not made known to his subjects whilst he occupies the throne. The year 1811 was the eighth before his 'Nengo' Bunwa, a title of honour which is attached to his government.

N.B.—M. St. Martin, to whom we are indebted for the preceding details, is anxious that their defects should be supplied, and will be grateful for any information, which those more conversant with the subject may have the kindness to transmit to him.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE sluggish direction of the affairs of the Opera, which has been made visible in the failure, absolute or comparative, of some of their most hopeful performances, seems now about to be succeeded by an activity forced upon the managers in self-defence. The revival of 'Ricciardo e Zornide' was accompanied by signs of this improvement. The best strength of the present corps dramatique was called into action; great attention has been paid to the getting up of the Opera, in all its departments: to this may be added a still higher praise; viz., that with such a *boccone* as this in store for the wearied appetite of the public, it was not brought out for their enjoyment, until every part was thoroughly prepared, even though at a risk of their becoming nauseated, in the mean while, with the imperfect representations of previous operas. 'Ricciardo' is fresh in the memory of every one, and yet none should be content with their recollections; for in the day of Toso and Brizzi, it was but a shadow of what it is at present. Having, as we acknowledge, a certain sly and undefinable penchant for Madlle. Blasis, it will

not be surprising if, in our eyes, she appears the best representative of the captive Zoraide that has appeared on our stage. Though her voice is of thin volume and uncertain strength, and its fluency by no means commensurate either with her taste, or science, or endeavour; yet the *con amore* character of her singing covers a multitude of sins, and the malcontents may look far and long before they discover, any where, such tenderness, and delicacy, and true musical feeling. Between Mesdames Piaroni and Brizzi, who have appeared in the same character of Zomari, there is a wide and undoubted interval: which has the vantage ground, need not be explained; and, having said, (as a matter of course) that the former lady performs her present part with magnificent skill and power, it may also be added, for the information of the curious in such matters, that the splendour of a particularly 'rich attire' has, in this instance, gone far to disguise those personal disadvantages which do no mean injury to our enjoyment of her general accomplishments.

But, to complete this 'musical triad,' what a noble and delicious key-note have we in the rich performance of Signor Donzelli! He is the successor of Torri, and naturally throws a vein of brilliant beauty into the mass of the composition, which carries with it a luminous reflection extending even to the furthest boundaries of the performance.

We have to complain of the process by which the opera has been squeezed into one act. If this has been done out of courtesy to the ballet, we are orthodox enough to deny the justice of its being so compelled to truckle, and contract itself as if to a superior, though it appears there has been a spirit of reciprocity between them, inasmuch as 'Massaniello' has been pinched into the limits of two acts by means of a temperate system and tight lacing.

Signor Curioni should not be forgotten, more especially as he signalled himself beyond precedent in the well-known duet, 'Ricciardo! che veggo!' the latter part of which, the 'Ah! nati è ver noi siamo,' was as full of sweetness and as precise a performance of the music set down, as the composer himself ever dreamed of. The celebrated and incomparable *terzetto* 'Cruda sorte,' which alone will be an eternal monument to Rossini's fame, was executed with great vigour, and is uniformly eulogized. But to us it seemed very far from being so perfect as many of the less observed pieces in the opera; at least, the effect was so clearly the only end in view that the real gracefulness, and much of the real expression, were absorbed in the hurry, and noise, and unnecessary violence of the final passages. However, by the suffrages of all, it is a grand performance, and, with little further to particularise, it may be well now to confess our acquiescence in this general eulogy.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute."—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

II.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Swimming of Fishes and Flying of Birds.—Flying modifies all the actions of birds, swimming those of fishes. In these kindred qualities, both classes stand apart from quadrupeds, and the other land animals. Swimming and flying are, in truth, only the same act performed in different fluids. The effective instruments, organs and movements, which produce or modify these acts, are similar, or, at least, analogous. From this remarkable relation, we may expect to find many secondary analogies between the habits of fishes and birds. The wing of the bird, and the fin of the fish, differ much less from one another, than might be supposed at first sight; and hence the ancient Greek and Roman naturalists, as well as many in later times, have called them by the same name. Both present a considerable surface relatively to the size of the animal, which it may enlarge or diminish at pleasure. The fin accommodates itself to these expansions and contractions, because it is composed like the wing, of a soft, flexible membranous substance; and when it has received the size suited to the immediate want of the animal, it presents, like the wing, a resisting surface, it acts with precision, it strikes with force, because, like the instrument of flying, it is stiffened with small cylinders, solid, hard, and nearly inflexible. Though unprovided with feathers, it is sometimes strengthened with scales that possess the same texture as the feathers of a bird.

The weight of birds does not greatly exceed that of

their own bulk of air; the density of fishes is very little different from water, especially that of the sea. Birds are furnished with an organization, which renders a great volume very light. Their lungs are very largely developed; great air bags are placed in the interior of their bodies: their bones are hollow and perforated, so as to receive with ease into their cavities the atmospheric fluid. Almost all fish have a peculiar bladder, which they can expand with air at pleasure, without adding sensibly to their weight.

The tail of birds serves as a rudder, and their wings are perfect oars. The back and belly fins of fish may be also compared to powers which regulate and direct, whilst the tail, with its lengthened caudal fin, strikes the water like an oar, and communicating impulsion to the animal, is the mainspring of its rapid movements. We may, therefore, affirm, that birds swim in the air, and fishes fly in the water. The atmosphere is the ocean of the first; and the sea that of the second. But fishes enjoy their domain much more fully than birds; for they can traverse it in every direction,—rise to the very surface, sink into the abyss, or repose themselves in any part of the fluid itself.

2.—ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

Effects of Heat and Cold on Animal Tissues.—If, in a severe frost, a cabbage be completely frozen, and instead of thawing it in cold water, it be put into water lukewarm, although of no higher a temperature than some of those in which the cabbage grew, it will presently become rancid. So, if a joint of butcher's meat, after being hung, as some joints may be, several weeks, when in a frozen state, be thawed in a warm room, it will very quickly become putrid. Again, if a person with a frozen limb be brought into a room of a common temperature, for the limb to thaw in, instead of causing it to thaw by rubbing it with snow, the limb immediately mortifies, which effects are produced by the too quick application of heat, although only of common degrees of temperature.

3.—ANIMAL ECONOMICS.

Domestication.—Apes and monkeys, notwithstanding their social instinct and intellect, are yet so violent and irritable, as to be incapable of all useful subjection. Among carnivorous animals, the seals, together with various species of the dog tribe, would be the best adapted to attach themselves to us and serve us. M. Cuvier suggests, that the seal might be trained for fishing, as the dog for hunting. Several animals peculiar to South America, having but very feeble means of defence, will, as that country is peopled, gradually disappear from the face of the earth. After other illustrations, the writer concludes, that all domestication is founded on the propensity which animals have to live together in herds, and to attach themselves to one another. We obtain it only by enticement, and principally by augmenting their wants and satisfying them. But we could only produce domestic individuals, and not races, without the concurrence of one of the most general laws of life, the transmission of the organic or intellectual modifications by generation. Here one of the most astonishing phenomena of nature manifests itself to us, the transformation of a fortuitous modification into a desirable form,—of a fugitive want into a fundamental propensity,—of an incident habit into an instinct. This subject is assuredly worthy of exciting the attention of the most accurate observers, and of occupying the meditations of the most profound thinkers.

4.—SAURIOLOGY.

Discovery of the great Dragon of Antiquity.—M. Colini, director of the Cabinet of the Elector Palatine, was the first to describe a genus of Saurian reptiles, characterized by the excessive elongation of the fourth toe in front, to which animal M. Cuvier has given the name of *pterodactyle* (wing-toed.) It was found in one of the marly stones, foliated, grey, and sometimes yellowish, of Aichstedt, which abound in dendrites, and animal petrifications.

It is hardly possible to doubt, says M. Cuvier, that the long toe served to support a membrane, which furnished the animal, over the whole length of the fore-leg, with a much more powerful wing, than that of the dragon, (*Draco Volans*, Lin.) and at least equal in strength to that of the bat. This ancient animal could fly with a vigour proportional to its muscular power; and then it could make use of its three short toes, armed with crooked claws, to suspend itself from trees. We have, here, an animal, which, in its osteology from the teeth to the extremity of its claws, presents all the classic characters of the saurians, or lizards. There is no reason to doubt of its having also had their generic characters in its integuments and soft parts; of its having their scales, organs of circulation, generation,

&c. But it was, at the same time, provided with the means of flying; an animal which, in a standing posture, could make little use of its fore-legs, if it did not keep them always folded up, as birds do their wings, which could, however, also employ its small fore-toes for hanging itself to branches of trees, though its posture of repose must have been usually on its hind feet, just like that of birds. It must, moreover, have held its neck reverted, as birds do, to prevent its enormous long head from upsetting its equilibrium.

From these data, it would be possible to figure it in the living state; but the picture we should form would be most extraordinary, and would appear to those who had not minutely followed out its anatomical structure, as the offspring of a distempered imagination, rather than a natural production. Something very like it may occasionally be seen in the grotesque paintings of the Chinese; or it may have been the original of the great dragon of antiquity, an idea which is far from improbable.

Library of George Hibbert, Esq.—The sale of this Library has excited very great interest, and the Bibles and Classics have brought high prices. The competition between the agents of certain Royal and noble collectors, and a few rich and tasteful private individuals, has on several occasions been severe.

Castiglione il Cortegiano (Venet. Aldo, 1545), having at the end a Sonnet, by Tasso, in his own handwriting, and at the beginning the most curious single printed leaf in existence, being the printed challenge which was circulated and stuck on the Church-door in Venice, by the admirable Crichton, in the year 1580. It is printed in the large Italic type, used by Paul Manutius, and, most probably, by him, as his friendship for Crichton is well known, sold on Wednesday in Mr. Hibbert's sale for one hundred and five guineas. This extraordinary volume was once in the sale Catalogue of Fenn and Whitmore, at Charing Cross, for ten shillings and six pence, where it was purchased by Mr. Singer, in the sale of whose books, some years back, it was bought by Mr. Hibbert, for thirty guineas. A translation of the challenge, which is unique, was published by Mr. Hibbert in Constable's Magazine.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Rev. E. G. Marsh's Seventeen Sermons, 8vo., 6s.
Natural History of Enthusiasm, 8vo., 8s.
An Explanatory View of the Doctrine of the Trinity, &c., by the Rev. T. G. Tolley, 8vo., second edition, 6s.
Wright on Friendly Societies, 8s.
Short Sermons on Important Subjects, by the Rev. J. Edmondson, vol. 2, 8vo., 8s.
Apician Morsels; or, Tales of the Table, Kitchen, and Larder, 8vo., 8s.
Chapters on the Physical Sciences, 12mo., 6s.
Macnish's Anatomy of Drunkenness, third edition, 12mo., 6s.
Baxter's Reformed Pastor, with Essay by the Rev. D. Wilson, 12mo., 4s.
Leigh's Road Books of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in box, 12mo., 30s.
Leigh's New Pocket Road Book of Scotland, 18mo., 8s.
Sherwood's Fairchild Family, tenth edition, 12mo., 5s.
Marriott's (Harvey) Sermons, fourth course, 8vo., 12s. 6d.
The London Director, eighth edition, enlarged, 7s. 6d.
Practical Observations on Ventilating and Warming, second edition, with plates, 8vo., 15s.
Baxter's Saint's Rest, with Essay by Thos. Knollys, 8mo., 3s. 6d.
Illustrations of the Lepidopterous Insects of all Countries, by Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E. &c., 8vo., No. 1, 2s.
The First Half Volume, price 2s., of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge:—The Menageries; Quadrupeds, described and drawn from living subjects.
Bell's System of Geography, with Maps and other Engravings, parts 1 and 2, 7s. 6d. each.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 6 A.M. and 9 P.M.	April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
Mon.	30.44	42 38.91	18.91	N.E.	Moist.	Cirrocumulus.
Tues.	31.32	34 28.90	18.90	Ditto.	Rainy.	Cumulus.
Wed.	1.38	30 29. —	—	N to S.W.	Snowy.	—
Thur.	2.35	31 29.14	14.00	N to S.W.	Snowy.	—
Frid.	3.40	34 29.36	14.00	N.W to S.W.	Fair Cl.	—
Sat.	4.48	43 29.40	14.00	S.W.	Ditto.	—
Sun.	5.52	45 29.02	14.00	Ditto.	Showers.	—

Nights and mornings generally fair.

Highest temperature at noon, 55°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun in mean distance on the 30th.

Jupiter stationary on the 31st.

The Moon in Perigee on the 2d.

Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 30° 54' in Aries.

Jupiter's ditto ditto 15° 14' in Jupiter.

Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 28' in Cancer.

Sun's ditto ditto 15° 26' in Aries.

Length of day on Sunday, 13 h. 10 min. Increased 5 h. 26 m.

Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 27" plus. Logarithmic

um. of distance, 0.00107.

Just published, No. II., of
THE CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, by H. Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, price 3s.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 8vo., 10s. 6d. bds.,
HISTORY OF RUSSIA, and of PETER THE GREAT. By GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUI.
 By Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter, 30, Soho-square, London.

Of whom may be had, lately published, the 6th ed. in 2 vols., price 16s., or in 3 vols., demy 8vo., price one guinea, in boards, of **COUNT SEGUI'S HISTORY OF NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA IN 1812.**

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.,
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Printed for John Taylor, Bookseller and Publisher to the University of London, 30, Upper Gower-street; and sold by Duncan, Paternoster-row; Hensley, Fleet-street; Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

This day is published, in 8vo., price 3s.,
AN ESSAY ON THE EFFECT OF THE REFORMATION ON CIVIL SOCIETY IN EUROPE. By WILLIAM MACKEY, Minister of the Gospel, Stirling.

'Tis the cause of man.—*Cowper's Task.*
 Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

*** The Professors of Marischal College, Aberdeen, along with the other trustees of the late Mrs. Blackwell, prescribed in 1840, as the subject of her Biennial Prize Essay, 'What has been the Effect of the Reformation on the State of Civil Society in Europe?' and an outline of the above Essay obtained the prize. The author, from the peculiar aspect of the times, has now been induced to publish it, and in preparing it for the press he has made so many additions, as to render it almost a new work.

NEW WORKS.
 Just published by Edward Bull, New Public Subscription Library, 26, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

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London: published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printers to the King, 6, Pall-Mall; of whom all Mr. Burnet's other Works may be had.

THE ORIENTAL HERALD for APRIL.

Conducted by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, contains, among other Articles, equally interesting to Oriental and General Readers:—American Export Trade to China—Comparative Estimates of the Surface and Population of the Globe—My Mother: by Mrs. Blythe—Commercial Differences between Great Britain and America: New American Tariff—To Myrrha—Voyage on the Nile, from Cairo to the Cataracts, No. II.—The Last Tree of Babylon—Case of *Habeas Corpus* in India—The Banks of the Lee—The History and Doctrine of Buddhism—A Learned Judgment—Excursions in South Africa, No. I.—Reflections on the Present State of British India—Political Condition of the Free-Coloured Inhabitants of the Island of Trinidad—Description of Bushire, the chief Sea-port of the Persian Gulf—Moravian Lullaby—Progress of Colonial Reform at the Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope, as regards the Treatment of the Slave Population—Letter on the Indian Trade—Importation of Inferior Tea by the East India Company—Proceedings at Birmingham relative to a Free Trade with India—Proceedings at Bristol—Proceedings at Wakefield—Steam Mail Packet to India via the Cape—Seizure of an Indian Trader in the Thames for the violation of the Company's Charter—Letters from Bengal: Anecdotes of Lord William Bentinck—Letter from Bombay—Sonnet: The Stoic—Debate at the India House on the East India Writers' Bill—Civil and Military Appointments, Promotions, and Changes in India—Births, Marriages, and Deaths—Shipping Intelligence—General List of Passengers.

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Bristol, 26th March, 1829.

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In compliance with the foregoing Requisition, I hereby convene a PUBLIC MEETING of the Inhabitants of this City and its vicinity, to be held at the Guildhall, on Wednesday the 15th day of April next, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the purpose in such Requisition expressed.

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